

GOSPEL-CANTICLES: OR, SPIRITUAL SONGS.

In Five Parts.

- Part I. The BELIEVER'S ESPOUSALS: Or, the Way how a Sinner is divorced from the Law as a Covenant, and married unto CHRIST, &c.
- Part II. The BELIEVER'S JOINTURE: Or, the Privileges of those that are espoused to CHRIST, with the Marks and Characters of such.
- Part III. The BELIEVER'S RIDDLE: Or, the Mystery of Faith; shewing the Believer's two-fold Condition; *Nature* and *Grace*, *Flesh* and *Spirit*.
- Part IV. The BELIEVER'S LODGING: Or, his Inn while here upon Earth. Being a Poem or Paraphrase upon PSALM lxxxiv.
- Part V. The BELIEVER'S SOLILOQUY: Especially when in Affliction and Desertion, complaining of his own evil Heart, and longing to be Above where he shall Sin no more.

The Two former being an Enlargement and Amendment of a Poem (intituled, *The Believers Downy*) upon ISAIAH liv. 5. *Thy Maker is thy Husband.*

Rom. vii. 4. *Wherefore my Brethren, ye also are become dead to the Law by the Body of Christ, that ye should be married to another, even to Him who is raised from the Dead, that ye should bring forth Fruit unto God.*

2 Cor. xi. 2, 3. *For I am jealous over you with a godly jealousy: For I have espoused you to one Husband, that I may present you a chaste Virgin to Christ. But I fear least by any Means, as the Serpens beguiled Eve through his Subtilty, so your Minds should be corrupted from the Simplicity that is in Christ.*

1 Cor. xiii. 12. *For now we see through a Glass darkly, or, In a Riddle.*
Heb. xi. 16. *But now they desire a better Country, that is an Heavenly.*

By a Minister of the Gospel in the Church of Scotland.

Edinburgh, printed by Mr. James M'Euen and Company, and to be sold by the said Mr. James M'Euen and other Booksellers.
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12 17
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E R R A T A.

Page 16 Line 27 for did read doth. P. 23 l. 6 f. Rock r.
 Root. P. 24 l. 32 f. a r. of. P. 31. l. 3 r. it before smother.
 P. 50 l. 19 f. gracious r. precious. P. 57 l. 9 f. Salvation r. Redemption. P. 62 l. 41 f. praise r. prize. P. 63 l. 30 f. worldless r. wordless. P. 68 l. 36 f. revealed r. rev'led.
 P. 75 l. 2 f. Naturalist r. Naturalists. P. 89 l. 40. f. there r. their.

Page 28 line 16, read thus.
 Yet would by Gospel-Works be justify'd:





R E A D E R,

I Have nothing to detain thee from the perusal of the following Lines, but these few Advertisements.

That the Lines formerly printed under the Title of the *Believer's Dowry*, were not at all written with a Design to be published: But the Author having observed that they were not only printed, a considerable Number of Years ago, but lately also reprinted, and still with several Erratas in the Print, beside a great many Improperities in the Verses, which he could not have inclin'd to publish; he was thereupon engaged (according to the Measure of his Talent, and as some vacant Minutes borrowed from his other weighty Work could allow) to put it into some better Order for the Press, (to which it comes, notwithstanding, at the importunate Desire of several Friends, as also do the other Lines subjoined to it) all which hath occasioned its swelling to the Bulk you now see it in.

The Author thought fit in the second Part of the following Lines, to continue as formerly, to repeat that Part of the Text, *Thy Husband*, at the Close of every Verse, because tho it might straighten the Author as to his Liberty of Words

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in the Composition, yet it might readily sweeten the Metre to the exercised believing Reader, to whom Christ is all in all.

The Author designed to have directed the Reader by a Margin, to the Scriptures here referred to, as also to the Passages in our *Westminster* Confession and Catechism, and several orthodox Writers, for the Confirmation of all that is here asserted; but finding that this would make the Book more bulky, and less vendible than is proper, he omitted that Formality, recommending it to all these who shall question any thing here advanced, especially to *search the Scripture and see whether these things be so.* Acts xvii. 11.

Tho there are some literal Escapes, it's hoped there will be found no *Errata* that will mar the Sense. And that these Lines may be refreshing and edifying, is the hearty Prayer of,

Thy Souls well Wisher,

THE AUTHOR.



Gospel Canticles :
O R,
SPIRITUAL SONGS.
PART I.
The Believers Espousals, &c.

SECT. I.

A general Account of Man's Fall in Adam, and the Remedy provided in Christ; and a particular Account of Mens being naturally wedded to the Law, as a Covenant of Works.

A Marriage so mysterious, I proclaim,
Betwixt two Parties of such different Fame,
That humane Tongues might blush their Names to tell,
To wit, the PRINCE of HEAV'N, the Heir of Hell.
But on so vast a Subject who can find
Words suiting the Conceptions of his Mind :
Or if our Language with our Thought could vie,
What mortal Thought can raise it self so high.
When Words and Thoughts both fail, may Faith and Pray'r
Ascend, by climbing up the Scripture Stair.
From sacred Writ these strange Espousals may
Be explicated, in the following Way.

A

Whi

WHile Father *Adam* yet was Innocent,
 He could the Law of Works with Works content,
 Altho its high Demands could be no less
 Than personal and perfect Righteousness.
 These Terms tho Nature fall'n could never scann,
 Yet were most easy to a sinless Man;
 The Covenant of Works then on the Field
 Perfection sought, Man could Perfection yield.
 But by his Fall, he quickly lost his Crown,
 And from his Glory tumbled Head-long down,
 Into a fearful Pit of Sin and Wo;
 Where now he hath no Pow'r nor Will to do.
 For his own Help he cannot stretch a Thought,
 The total Sum, of what he can, is Nought.
 He can indeed still more increase his Thral;
 He can destroy himself, and that is all;
 But cannot now the Law Demands fulfil,
 Its Precepts do surmount his Strength and Skill;
 Its Threatnings, in their Rigor, must take place
 On all the Disobedient humane Race.
 They must ingulf themselves in endless Woes,
 Who to the blessed G O D are curs'd Foes.
 Who natively his Laws do disobey
 Must to incens'd Justice fall a Prey.
 In vain do Mankind now expect, in vain,
 By legal Deeds eternal Life to gain:
 Nay, Death is threatned, Threats must have their due,
 Or Souls that Sin must die, if G O D be true.

The second *Adam*, sovr'ign Lord of all
 Did by his Father's authorizing Call,
 From Bosom of eternal Love descend,
 To save the Cairns which did him offend.
 To treat an everlasting Peate with those,
 Who were, and ever would have been his Foes.
 His Errand was eternal Life to give
 To them, whose Malice would not let him live.
 To treat a Match with Rebels, and esponse
 The Brat, which at his Love her Spite avows.
 Himself he humbled to depress her Pride,
 And make his mortal Foe, his loving Bride.
 But ere the Marriage can be solemniz'd
 All Letts must be remov'd, all Parties pleas'd,

Wrath

PART I. *The Believers Espousals.*

7.

Wrath threatned in the Law must be endur'd,
 And Righteousness requir'd must be secur'd,
 Stern Justice must have Credit by the Match,
 Sweet Mercy, by the Heart, the Bride must catch;
 Poor Diver, all her Debt must first be pay'd,
 Her former Husband in the Grave be laid;
 Her present Lover must be at the cost
 To save and ransom, to the uttermost.
 If all these things this Suiter kind can do,
 Then he may win her, and her blessing too.
 Hard Terms indeed! while Death's the first Demand,
 But Love is strong as Death and will not stand
 To carry on the Sure, and make it good,
 Tho' at the dearest Rate of Wounds and Blood.
 The Burden's heavy, but the Back is broad,
 The glorious Lover is the mighty G O D;
 Who that he might his mighty Love display,
 Restored what he never took away,
 To God his Glory, to the Law its due,
 To Heav'n its Honour, to the Earth its Hure,
 To Man a Righteousness divine, compleat,
 A Royal Robe to sue the nuptial Rite.
 He in her Favours, whom he lov'd so well
 At once did purchase Heav'n, and vanquish Hell.
 What then can equal Love so vast, so strong,
 So great, so high, so deep, so broad, so long.
 His Love admits no Parallel, for why,
 At one great Draught of Love he drank Hell dry.
 No Drop of wrathful Gall he left behind,
 No Dreg to witness that he was unkind.
 The Sword of awful Justice pierc'd his Side,
 That Mercy thence might gush out to the Bride.
 Her Debt of Doing. Suffering, both he hath
 Cancell'd, by his Obedience to the Death.
 Law Precepts, Threatnings, not a Mite can crave;
 Thus for her former Spouse he digg'd a Grave.
 He to his Cross the Law did nail and pin,
 Then bury'd the Defunct his Tomb within,
 That he the Widow to himself might win.

But after all the Bride is not content,
 A Day of Pow'r must gain her Heart's Consent:
 Christ, the new Husband, she in Heart disproves,
 The Law, her old primordial Spouse, she loves.

Her Livelihood she hopes thereby to have,
 Tho dead and buried in her Suter's Grave;
 Unable to give Life, as once before,
 Unfit to be a Husband any more.
 Yet proudly she the new Address disdain,
 And all the blest Redeemer's, loving Pains.
 The new and only Way of Life rejects:
 Life by the Law, or Legal-Works affects.
 In vain she seeks the living 'mong the dead,
 Or living Comforts in a lifeless Head.
 She still her dead and buried Husband loves,
 Which neither Life confers, nor Death removes.
 No Soul can Death escape, nor Life inherit,
 Till married to a Spouse of perfect Merit.
 But ah! all *Adam's* blind, deluded Race,
 In their first Husband all their Hope do place:
 They natively do seek, when Guilt doth press,
 Salvation in a home-bred Righteousness.
 They hope for Favour in *JEHOVAH's* Eyes,
 If by their Works they do what in them lies.
 Their primary Recourse is to the Law,
 A heavy Yoke no mortal Pow'r can draw;
 Yet Men attempt to tread this legal Path
 As naturally, as they draw their Breath.
 Why, saith the yet Law-wedded nat'ral Man,
 Won't God be pleas'd, if I do all I can,
 If I walk up unto my nat'ral Light,
 And always strive to do the thing that's right.
 Sha'nt I this Way, be of his Heav'n possess,
 And win his Favour, if I do my best.
 Upon their ALL, their BEST, they're fondly mad;
 While yet their ALL is nought, their BEST is bad.
 Can Heav'n or divine Favour e'er be win,
 By those that are a Mass of Hell and Sin.
 Proud Man his CAN DOES mightily exalts,
 Yet are his brightest Works but splendid Faults.
 The Sinner may have Shews of Good, but still
 The best he can, even at his best, is ill.

Say, on what Terms then Heav'n will pleased be?
 Why, sure, Perfection is the least Degree;
 Yea more, a compleat Ransom must be given
 For Trespas done against the Laws of Heaven.

PART I. *The Believers Espousals.*

These are the Terms. What humane Back so broad,
But must for ever sink beneath the Load?
A Surety must be found, or sink they must,
As sure as Justice infinite is just.
But says the proud, Self-righteous, legal Heart,
Which cannot with the former Husband part;
What, won't the Goodness of the God of Heaven
Accept Essays, when more can not be given?
He knows the Fall diminish'd hath our Funds,
Won't he accept of Pennies now for Pounds:
Sincere Endeavours for Perfection take,
Or Terms more possible for Mankind make.
Ah, poor Divinity, and Jargon loose,
Such Hay and Straw will never build the House.
Mistake not here, proud Mortal, don't mistake,
God changeth not, nor other Terms will make.
Will ever Divine Truth it self deny,
Which once hath said that Man must DO, or DIE?
Will God most True, extend to us, forsooth,
His Goodness to the Prejudice of Truth?
A faithful God, to what he said, will stand,
His Holiness will have it's full Demand;
His Justice shall not suffer at our Hand.
Will spotless Holiness be baffled thus,
Or awful Justice be unjust for us.
Shall Faithfulness be faithless for our sake,
As we his Law, shall he his Word so break.
Will God, as if his Wisdom-stock were spent,
Dispence with Justice, to let Mercy vent?
Will our great Creditor deny himself,
And for full Payment, take our filthy Pelf?
Unworthy Thought! O let no mortal Clod
Hold such base Notions of a Glorious God.
Heav'n's holy Covenant with human Race
Is either wholly Works, or wholly Grace.
If Works do take the Field, then Works must be
Most perfect, to the very last Degree.
Will God accept of less, nay, sure he won't
With partial Mints, his perfect Law affront.
Vain Man must be divorce'd, and choose to take
Another Husband, or a burning Lake.
The Holy Word of God doth no where teach
Some legal Terms, within our mortal Reach,

Sincerity accepted is, in those
 Who with the Surety have got Grace to close.
 It is the Quality of every Saint,
 Not the Condition of the Covenant.
 Just Heav'n did ne'er on this Consideration,
 To any Sinner grant the Great Salvation;
 Which God doth freely give for Christ's Desert,
 And whereof Uprightness is but a Part.
 Our natural Sincerity is naught;
 That which is sp'ritual is divinely taught:
 And when the Soul is taught to be sincere,
 He's taught to keep his Grace within its Sphere.
 No boasting doth the Law of Faith afford,
 Unless it be a boasting in the Lord.
 The Gospel Grace no change of Terms allows,
 But change of Persons, or another Spouse.
 The Nature that hath sinn'd, must do and suffer,
 No Terms more easy doth the Gospel offer.
 It doth no other Law abatement shew,
 But only how the Law may have its due.
 Here we of no new Terms of Life are told,
 But of a Husband to fulfil the old;
 With whom alone, we're call'd by Faith to wed,
 And let no Rival brook the Marriage Bed.

But yet the Bride for all that can be said,
 Hath still a hankering to her former Head.
 When Light of Scripture, Reason, common Sense,
 Can hardly mortify her vain Pretence
 To legal Righteousness; yet if at last
 Her Conscience doth begin to stand agast,
 While she a dread of Hell and Wrath doth find,
 She on another Husband sets her Mind;
 In Hopes his Help, together with her own,
 Will into Favour turn Heav'n's awful Frown.
 Vain selfish Mortals, when they hear of one,
 In whom Salvation's to be had alone,
 And Righteousness most full, their faithless Folly
 Doth wed the Truth in part, but never wholly.
 They won't be wholly Debtors unto Grace,
 But by some Pains will meliorate their Case.
 They think their State, ah, too too slightly view'd,
 Needs only to be mended, not renew'd.

They

PART I. *The Believers Espousals.*

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They hope their Tears and Pray'rs, and future Pains
Will for their former Failings make amends,
Thus to the legal Yoke they bow their Necks,
In hopes that Christ will make up all Defects.
They cannot use his Righteousness alone,
But as a Stirrup, to exalt their own,
And thus proud Self, not Christ must have the Throne.
They patch his glorious Robe with filthy Rags,
And burn, but Incense, to their proper Drags.
They vainly would, dress up in legal Trim,
Divide Salvation 'twixt themselves and him.
But know, vain Man, that to his Share must fall
The Glory of the Whole, or none at all.
Ah! Glorious Christ, the Way, is thus despis'd,
The Way of Life by doing, highly priz'd,
But who among its Votaries can show it,
He only loves it best, who least doth know it.
Who by the Law in part, would save his Soul,
Becomes a Debter, to fulfil the whole;
Its Pris'ner he remaineth, without Bail,
Till ev'ry Jot be done, and if he fail
(As sure he must, since by our sinful Breach
Perfection doth surmount all mortal Reach,)
Then curs'd for ever must his Soul remain,
And all the Folk of God must say Amen:
Why, seeking that the Law should him deliver,
In Honour to the Law, he slights its Giver,
Who offers his Law-bideing Righteousness,
To be the naked Sinner's only Dress:
In which he may with spotless Beauty shine
Before the Eyes of Holiness Divine.
In vain the Son of God this Web did weave,
If our vile Rags can any Shelter give.
In vain he any Threed of it did draw,
If Souls can be o'rmantled by the Law.
If Life come by the Law, in Part, or Whole,
Then Christ did die in vain to save a Soul.
These then who Life by legal Works expect,
Christ is become to them of no Effect;
Because their legal Mixtures do, in Fact,
Wisdom's grand Project plainly counteract,
Thus natural Prejudices do combine,
To frustrate all the Gospel's great Design,

Man's

Man's Heart by Nature doth the Law espouse,
 No Paramour into its Throne allows.
 Tho' many seem, by Methods most prophane,
 No Favour to the Law to intertain;
 But break its Bonds, and cast its Cords away,
 That nothing their licentious Lusts may stay:
 Yet by these very Courses they declare,
 How strictly wedded to the Law they are.
 Hopeless to pay Law Debt, they give it o'er,
 Like desp'rate Debtors, still take on the more.
 Despair of Success, shews their strong Desire,
 Did not their Hope of Heaven by Works expire.
 The Law, which can't 'em help, they fain would smother,
 And scorn to be obliged to another;
 Hence, both their legal Inclination shew,
 And great Averfion to the Husband new.



S E C T. II.

The Manner of the Sinner's Divorce from the Law, in a Work of Humiliation; and of his Marriage to the Lord Jesus Christ; and so the Way how a Sinner comes to be a Believer.

NOW thus we find the backward Bride dispos'd;
 How then shall e'er the blessed Match be clos'd.
 Kind Heav'n the Tumults of her Pride must quell,
 And draw her Christward by the Gates of Hell.
 The Bridegroom's Father by his Holy Sp'rit
 Doth make her Conscience and the Law to meet,
 Pursues her for her Debt, with awful Dread:
 Till of a Surety she behold the Need.
 He makes her former Husband's frightful Ghost
 Appear and damn her, as a Wretch that's lost.
 With Curses, Threatnings, Claps of Sinai Thunder,
 Until her rocky Heart be rent asunder.
 These humbling Methods in a various Measure
 God doth dispense, according to his Pleasure.
 But still he makes the fiery Law, at least,
 Pronounce its awful Sentence in her Breast.
 Till by the Law she see her self as lost,
 And all her former Hopes give up the Ghost.

PART I. *The Believers Esponsals.*

The Law its Debt doth now in rigor crave,
For tho' it can no human Creature save;
Since now its weak, and can't through our Default,
Its greatest Votaries to Life exalt:
Yet well it can command, with Fire and Flame,
And to the lowest Pit of Hell condemn.
Thus doth it by Commission from above,
Deal with the Bride, when Heav'n would court her Love.
Now doth she startle at the *Sinai* Trump,
Which casts her Soul into a dreadful Dump.
She sees another Husband she must have,
Or else be lost for ay, in Tophet's Grave.
Of Christ the glorious Husband next she hears,
But that he never match with her she fears.
And here, her nat'ral, legal Heart again
Doth shew its self, to her great Loss and Pain.
For when he doth present himself to be
Her Husband; then she thinks, ah, is not he
Too Glorious for such a filthy Bride;
Not knowing that this Thought bewrays her Pride:
Even Pride of Merit, Pride of legal Duty;
Expecting Heav'n should love her for her Beauty.
Unmindful that the Fall defac't her Feature,
And made her but a black unlovely Creature:
Deform'd without, and all defil'd within,
Incapable of any Thing, but Sin.
Heav'n courts not any for their comely Face,
(But only, for the Praise of Sov'reign Grace.)
Else ne'er had courted one of *Adam's* Race.
Yet here the Bride employs her legal Wit.
How she, for such a Husband, should be fit:
She hopes he then with credit would her wed,
If once some gracious Qualities she had.
But here in humble Pride, her Spirit flags,
She cannot think of coming all in Rags.
Were she a humble, faithful Penitent,
Why then she dreams he would be well content.
Base Varlet! thinks she'd be a Match for him,
Did she but put her self in handsome Trim.
Ah, foolish Thoughts! in legal Deeps that plod,
Ah, sorry Notions of a Sov'reign God!
Doth God expose his great, his glorious Son,
For our vile Baggage to be sold and won.

Ah!

Ah ! if our sinful Modesty decline
 This blessed Match, till we be brisk and fine,
 When shall it then take Place ? Ah, truly never.
 The blessed Bargain must see up for ever.
 Mens Pride the Garden of the Law but delves,
 Who thus would save and sanctify themselves :
 Then hoping Christ will save from further Thral,
 Do scorn to be oblig'd to him for all.
 Vainly they first would wash themselves, and then
 Come to the Fountain to be washt more clean ;
 First heal themselves, and then would come for Balm,
 (Ah ! many slightly heal their sudden qualm,
 They heal their Conscience with a Tear, or Pray'r,
 And seek no other Christ, but perish there.)
 O, search the House, Man, there you'll find the Thief
 That steals away the Heart, great Unbelief.
 How can you have a Quality that's good,
 Till once you come to Jesus's cleansing Blood ?
 The Pow'r that draws the Bride, doth also shew
 Unto her, by the Way, her hellish Hew :
 As void of ev'ry Good that can commend
 The Soul, that can do nothing but offend :
 Till Sov'reign Grace, the filthy Bride shall catch,
 Can ever she be fit for such a Match ?
 Most qualify'd they are in Heav'n to dwell,
 Who see themselves most qualify'd for Hell.
 Before the Bride can drink Salvation's Cup,
 Kind Heav'n must reach to Hell, and take her up.
 For nought, that in her self could e'er be found,
 Can she be lov'd, but on some other Ground.
 Yet still she from her Suiter stands aback,
 Because she in her self some Good doth lack,
 To make her lovely ; thus the backward Bride
 Affronts her Husband, with her modest Pride,
 Doth shew her Hatred of her heav'nly Lover,
 Pride under Mask of Modesty discover.
 Would partly save her self ; thus doth in Folly
 Despise the Husband, who would save her wholly.

So ill affected doth she stand, and now
 Heav'n casts on her a yet more cloudy Brow.
 The Law must come with more condemning Power,
 And scorch her Conscience with a fiery Shower.

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Sinai must thunder louder than before,
 And in her proud and lofty Breast must roar.
 Heav'n's Storm ariseth now from ev'ry Airth,
 In Ways more terrible to shake the Earth:
 Till Haughtiness of Men be sunk thereby,
 That Christ alone may be exalted hy.
 Therefore to mortify this tow'ring Pride,
 The Law comes closer home upon the Bride,
 New Flashes of Law-light are darted in,
 For by the Law the Knowledge is of Sin:
 O Wretch, (it crys) thou under Foot hast trode
 Th' Authority of a commanding God,
 Thou, like thy Kindred which in *Adam* fell,
 Art but a Law-ranversing Lump of Hell.
 And now the Bride begins with Fear and Terror,
 To see her legal, Self-exalting Error.
 Why, the Commandment comes, Sin is reviv'd,
 Which lay so hid, while to the Law she liv'd.
 Infinite Majesty in God is seen,
 And infinite Malignity in Sin,
 That to its Expiation must amount
 A Sacrifice of infinite Account.
 Stern Justice its Severity doth shew,
 The Law's most vast Extent is in her View;
 She sees for such a Standard nothing meet
 But an Obedience sinless and complete.
 Her Cob-web Righteousness, once in renown,
 Is with a happy Vengeance now swept down.
 She who of daily Sins did once but prate,
 Sees now her sinful and condemned State.
 Her Heart, where once she thought some good did dwell,
 The Devil's Cabinet, fill'd with Trash of Hell.
 The House she shelter'd in, in former Years,
 Doth now come tumbling down about her Ears.
 Her former rotten Faith, Repentance, Graces
 Are seen but idle Fancies, ugly Fates.
 Her natural Goodness now appears but Trash,
 That can't abide one fiery *Sinai* Flash.
 She that esteem'd her self so good, so civil,
 Thinks now her Heart much blacker than the Devil.
 She, that was once so gay, doth now appear
 A worthless Wretch, as ever Earth did bear.
 Her former Hopes and Confidence she sees
 Eyanish now, as Refuges of Lies.

Once

Once thought the Heav'n would ne'er be so unjust,
 To damn so many Lumps of humane Dust,
 Form'd by himself; but now she sees it true,
 Damnation is no less than Sinners due.
 Yea with the Divine Sentence joins so well,
 That she her self condemns her self to Hell:
 She therein doth his Righteousness acquit,
 And judge her self unto the lowest Pit.
 Her Language, Oh, if God shall damn, I must
 From Bottom of my Soul, declare he's just!
 But if on me Salvation shall take Place,
 O, how will I admire his sov'reign Grace!
 Oh, if he see the like of me on hy,
 No Tongue shall sing his Praise so loud as I.
 I nothing have, nor can but Sin, I see:
 O Mercy, Mercy, Mercy pity me:
 Now all Self-justifying Pleas are dropt,
 Most guilty she becomes, her Mouth is stop't;
 Instead of Self-conceit now, now her Breast
 Bursts out with, Ah, I'm but a wretched Beast,
 A hellish Brar, most destitute of Grace,
 That can't be moved with my dismal Case.
 That neither can believe, nor mourn, nor pray.
 Her Pride of Duties thus doth flee away.
 She like a dead, hard, stupid, wretched one,
 Lies on the Dust, and cries, Undone, undone.

In this sad Plight when she her self doth see
 The vilest Sinner out of Hell to be;
 The blackest Monster in the whole Creation,
 Despairing in her self of all Salvation:
 When nothing else seems in her Heart to dwell
 But Atheism, Enmity and Hell.
 When Death and Ruin seem as hard at Hand,
 And when she cannot for her Heart command
 A Sigh to ease it, or a gracious Thought;
 Tho' thereby Heav'n and Glory could be bought,
 When wholly without Strength to move or stir;
 The Glorious Husband then appears to her.
 Even in this Case, most readily, he doth
 Display his Glory, full of Grace and Truth.
 He shews for ordinary, in that Hour,
 Himself a Saviour, both by Price and Pow'r.

He lets her see that he can save the lost ;
Yea save and ransom to the uttermost.
That he can lift her up from deepest Grave,
From lowest Hell, to highest Heav'n can save :
From blackest Guilt of Sin, by's glorious Merit,
From vilest Filth of Sin by's holy Spirit.

A: Sin's Foot, she little understood

How these Law-humblings, were design'd for good,
To make her prize her worthy Husband's Blood:
Conviction's Dart did pierce her Heart, that so
The Blood from his pierc'd Heart, to her's might flow.
The blessed Husband at the Law's strict School
Did warmly teach her, that she was a Fool:
That as her legal Self-conceit doth break,
Christ for her only Wisdom she might take.

The Law's sharp Plough tears up the Fellow-Ground,
In which no Grain of Grace was to be found.

Till straight, perhaps, behind the Plough is sown

The hidden Seed of Faith, tho' yet unknown.

The Sinner could not, would not give consent,

Till now, that th' Husband makes the Bride content:

Content with Christ, for better and for worse,

Content that he should make a clean Divorce

Betwixt her and her former Head the Law,

That her whole Heart he to himself may draw.

Content that he should ever wear the Bays,

And of her whole Salvation have the Praise.

Content that he should rise, tho' she should fall,

Yea to be Nothing, that he may be All.

Content that he (because she nought can do,)

Do for her all her Work, and in her too.

Content that he (yea here she's peremptory)

That he do all the Work, get all the Glory.

Hence comes she to him, in her naked Case,

To be o'ermantled with his Righteousness.

She comes as Guilty, to a Pardon free.

As vile and filthy, to a cleansing Sea.

As poor and empty, to the richest Stock.

As weak and feeble, to the strongest Rock.

As perishing, to one that saves from Thral.

As worse than Nothing, to an All in All.

She as a dark, a blind, and ignorant Fool,

Doth come for teaching to the Prophet's School.

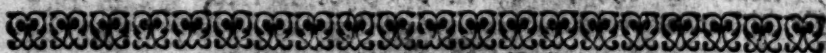
She as a Hell-deserving, worthless Beast,
 Flies for Attonement, to the worthy Priest.
 She as a Captive, under Lust's sad Reign,
 Doth come for Freedom to the Glorious King.
 Her Plagues and Maladies she doth bring forth
 To this Physician, of eternal Worth;
 She spreads her filthy Ulcers him before,
 And lays her broken Bones down at his Door.
 She hath no Good to buy a Crumb of Bless;
 So cometh guilty, filthy as she is.
 Why, Sin and Satan of all Good bereft her,
 Therefore she cannot come, but as they left her.
 She comes by Faith, indeed, which shews her Want,
 And brings her as a Sinner, not a Saint:
 A wretched Sinner flying for her Good,
 To Justifying, Sanctifying Blood.
 Drain'd now of ev'ry Thing that Men may call
 Terms and Conditions of Relief from Thral,
 Except this Term alone, that Christ do all.
 When God upon the Bride bestoweth Faith,
 It finds her under Sin, and Guilt, and Wrath,
 And makes her as a plagued Wretch to fall
 At Jesus Footstool, for the Cure of all.
 Her whole Salvation now in him she seeks,
 And thus unto her self, perhaps, she speaks:
 O! all my Burdens may in him be eas'd:
 The Justice I offended, he hath pleas'd.
 The Heav'n which I did forfeit, he secur'd.
 The Curse that I deserved, he endur'd.
 The Law that I have broken, he obey'd.
 The Debt that I contracted, he hath pay'd.
 And tho' a Match unfit for him I be,
 I find that ev'ry Way he's fit for me.
 O if he would himself to me impart,
 I think I'd welcome him with all my Heart.
 But thou that sav'st by Price, must save by Power:
 O send thy Spirit, in a mighty Shower
 Of warm Supplies, my frozen Heart to thaw,
 Which cannot, will not come until thou draw.
 O draw me, draw me, Lord, and then I'll run,
 The coldest Ice will melt, with warmest Sun.
 I own my self a Mass of Sin and Hell,
 A Brat that can do nothing but rebel.

But hast thou not ascended Gloriously,
That thou might'st captive lead Captivity;
And hast got Gifts, not for thy proper Gain,
But Royal Gifts for most rebellious Men:
O then let me a Rebel, now come speed:
Thy Holy Spirit is the Gift I need.

He and his Graces is the glorious Grant,
Which thou hast promis'd, and my Soul doth want,
Thou art exalted to the highest Place,
To give Repentance out, and ev'ry Grace:
O Giver of spiritual Life and Breath!
The Author and the Finisher of Faith;
Thou Husband-like must ev'ry Thing provide,
If e'er the like of me become thy Bride.

And thus he ope's her Eyes, which once were dim,
To see her whole Salvation lyes in him:
That in dispensing it he is not nice,
But gives it without Money, without Price.
This doth augment the Wonder in her Eye,
Who sees she nothing hath, wherewith to buy.
O Glory to the Lord, that Grace is free,
Or else it ne'er had come to guilty me.
I nothing had with me to be its Price,
Except black Guilt, great Enmity and Vice:
Tho' once indeed, she could presume to come
To Graces Market, with a petty Sum
Of Duties, Prayers, Tears, and such a Set;
Expecting Heav'n would thus be in her Debt.
These were her Price, at least she did suppose
She'd be the welcomer because of those:
But now she sees the Blackness of her Beauty.
The Wickedness that cloggeth ev'ry Duty.
The Sin that in her Holiness doth move.
The Enmity that doth attend her Love.
The great Heart-hardness of her Penitence.
The Stupidness of all her nat'ral Sense:
The Unbelief of all her former Faith.
The utter Nothingness of all she hath:
The Blackness, Vileness of her Tears and Pray'rs,
And doth renounce them all, as filthy Wares.
And having nothing to commend her self,
But what might damn her, her embaz'd Pelf;

She at free Grace's Feet doth prostrat fall,
 Content to be in Grace's Debt for all.
 Thus sweetly, humbly, doth she view at length
 Christ as her only Righteousness and Strength.
 He with the View, doth cast his loving Dart,
 And fastens it most deeply in her Heart.
 The deeper that the Law its Dart did throw,
 The deeper now the Dart of Love doth go :
 Hence, sweetly pain'd, her Cries to Heav'n do flee,
 O none but Jesus, none but Christ for me.
 O glorious Christ ! O Beauty, Beauty rare,
 Ten thousand, thousand Heav'ns are not so fair.
 But wilt thou, Lord, in very deed, come dwell
 With me, that was a burning Brand of Hell ?
 Yea sure thine errand to our earthly Coast
 Was in great Love, to seek and save the lost.
 And since thou seek'st the like of me to wed,
 O come, and make my Heart thy Marriage Bed :
 Fair Jesus, wilt thou marry filthy me,
 Amen, Amen, Amen. So let it be.



S E C T. III.

The Fruits of the Marriage, particularly Gospel Holiness and Obedience to the Law as a Rule.

THE Match is made, its done with little din,
 But with great Pow'r, the Lamb his Bride hath win :
 He's fairly win his Bride for evermore ;
 And she hath win her Husband and his Glore,
 The Floods of everlasting Love and Grace,
 Which ran but under Ground so long a Space,
 Now rise above the Banks of Sin and Hell.
 Yea do so vastly, yet so sweetly swell,
 As to bear down before 'em Hell and all,
 The Hills of Guilt, rais'd by her Sin and Fall.
 Christ as her only All she now doth own,
 And at his blessed Feet she casts her Crown :
 Disclaiming all her former, groundless Hope,
 While in the Dark her weary Soul did grope.

He

PART I. *The Believers Espousals.*

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He kindly thus destroy'd her Self-conceit,
In him alone she sees her self complete.
Her blest new Husband now she doth embrace,
With Heart and Hand, and all her Hope doth place
On his full Merit, Spirit: And doth draw
No Hope nor Expectation from the Law.
She's apt indeed through her adult'rous Heart,
To take her old renounced Husband's Part.

A legal Covenant is so ingrain'd,
Upon the Nature lapst, which Sin hath stain'd,
That till her Soul mount to the purest Clime,
She is not totally divorc't in Time.

Hence come the following Failings, more or less,
Preferring her imperfect holy Dress

Above her Husband's perfect Righteousness.

Hence more Rejoicing in her Grace, that's given,
Than in her Head and Stock, that's all in Heaven.
Hence grieving more for want of Frames and Grace,
Than want of him, in whom all Good takes Place.

Hence Sins imprison her, and Lusts prevail,
While finding that her legal Helps do fail,
Her faithless Heart rejects her Husband's Bail.

Hence Doubts and Darkness, and disturbing Fears,
While faithless of his clearing Law-arrears.

Hence Duties are a Task, while she doth draw
The heavy Yoke of her Old-Cov'nant-Law.

Whereas, if once her legal Arm were broke,
She'd find her Husband's Law an easy Yoke:
Deriving Strength from him, her only Stock.

But, like the old Egyptian Task, the Law
Doth call for Brick, but will afford no Straw.

Hence also fretting, grudging, discontent,
Crav'd by the Law, finding her Strength is spent,
And doubting if her Lord will pay the Rent.

Hence Pride of Duties too, sometimes doth swell,
While judging that she hath performed well.

Hence Pride of Graces, and inherent Worth,
All from her legal Byas springing forth.

Hence many new Conversions doth she need,
Because her unbelieving Heart doth breed
Much sad Departure from her living Head.

Who that he may convince her of her Crimes,
Sees fit to leave her to her self oft-times;

That

That falling into fearful Depths, she may
 From sad Experience, learn her Strefs to lay
 Left on her self, and more on him, at length,
 Who is her only Righteousness and Strength.
 Whereas, while from the Law her Strength she borrows,
 Her legal Spirit breeds her many Sorrows.

But he that hath begun the Work in her,
 Whose working Hand doth drop the sweetest Myrrh,
 Will still advance it by alluring Force,
 Until he work a more entire Divorce.
 In Kindness therefore doth the heav'nly Lover
 Again his Beauty to her Heart discover:
 That when her Eyes his Glory do behold,
 She may be cast into his holy Mould.
 For while he shews the Beauty of his Grace,
 There is a smitting Favour in his Face:
 Which wafts her Soul up to the heav'nly Pole,
 And to his Image doth transform her Soul
 From one Degree of Glory to another,
 Till she be wholly like her elder Brother.
 And thus more Holiness she doth obtain
 Than all the Popish, hypocritical Train
 Of Merit-mungers, and their subtle Apes,
 In all their closest, finest legal Shapes.
 No lawful Child is born before the Marriage,
 And hence whatever be their civil Carriage,
 The Fruit they bear is but a spurious Brood,
 Before this happy Marriage be made good.
 And 'tis not strange, for of an evil Tree
 No Fruit that's good can e'er produced be.
 Whereas the Bride join'd to her living Root,
 Brings forth spiritual and accepted Fruit.
 Yea when her Husband fair and she doth meet,
 Her fruitful Womb is like an Heap of Wheat,
 Beset with fragrant Lilies round about,
 All Divine Graces, in a comely rout,
 Burning within, and shining bright without.
 Thus doth the Bride, as sacred Scripture saith,
 When dead unto the Law, through Jesus's Death,
 And marry'd to him, bear to God and Christ
 Fruit with his aromack Incense Spice't.
 Freed from Law-Debt, and blest with Gospel-Ease,
 Her Work is now her Husband dear to please:

PART I. *The Believers Espousals.*

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By living on him, as her only Stock,
And leaning to him, as her mighty Rock.
The Fruit which each Law-wedded Spirit brings,
To Self is brought, because from Self it springs.
But Christ his Bride's sweet Fruit doth hence commend;
As brought from him, her Rock; to him, her End.
The Work which he begins, he likewise crowns,
Tho' yet through various Changes, ups and downs.
Thus, through the darksome Vail, she makes her Way,
Until the Morning dawn of Glory's Day.

Proud Nature may reject this Gospel Theam,
And curse it as an *Antinomian* Scheme.
Let Slander bark, let Envy grin and fight,
The Curse that is so Causeless shall not light.
If those who fain would make by holy Force,
Twixt Sinners and the Law a clean Divorce,
To court the Lamb, a Virgin chaste to Wife,
Be charg'd as Foes to Holiness of Life;
Well may they suffer gladly on this Score,
Apostles great were so malign'd before.
Do we make void the Law through Faith, nay, why
We do it more fulfil and magnify,
Than firey Seraphs could, with holiest Flash,
Let be vain Legalists unworthy Trash.

When as a Covenant the Law commands,
Faith puts her Lamb's Obedience in its Hands:
And when its Threat'nings gush out like a Flood,
Faith stops the Current, with her Victim's Blood.
The Law can crave no more, yet craves no less
Than active, passive, perfect Righteousness.
Yet here is all, yea more than its Demand,
All reached to it by a divine Hand.
Man's bound to serve it still; yea more than they,
Bright Angels are obliged to obey.
It may by human and angelick Blaze
Have Honour, but in finite, partial Ways:
These Natures have it's Lustre once defac't,
T'will be by part of both for ay disgrac't:
But Faith gives't Honour yet more great, more odd,
The high, the humble Service of its God.

Next, take the Law as 'tis a Rule of Life,
 Faith makes the Bride the Lamb's obedient Wife:
 The Law true Honour from no Mortal hath
 Who knows not this Obedience of Faith.
 Faith works by Love, and purifies the Heart,
 And Truth advanceth in the inward-Part.
 Faith sets upon the Heart a Stamp divine,
 And when in Act, doth make the Life to shine.
 The Law most Honour, God most Glory hath
 From *Abram's* Seed, that are most strong in Faith.
 Wherever Faith of Divine Sort takes Place,
 It is a sanctifying, holy Grace:
 And gives more Honour to the holy Law
 Than all Work-mungers which the Earth e'er saw.
 In true good Works they don't so much as dip,
 Who never were Jehovah's Workmanship;
 Created in Christ Jesus to the same,
 (1) Good Works, abstract from this, are but a Name.
 Morality in *Heathens* may outshine
 The Works, that flow not from a Faith Divine.
 Pretenders many unto Faith we have,
 But ah, it is a Faith that cannot save.
 They say they trust in God, hope in his Mercy,
 But never brought it into Controversie,
 If this their Grace, of which they make report,
 Be of a saving, or a damning Sort.
 They think their Sins are ill, true; but it's sad
 They never thought their Faith and Hope were bad.
 Their nat'ral homebred Faith is but a Blaze,
 Who say they have believed all their Days,
 But never found their Unbelief, nor saw
 The Need they have a Divine Pow'r to draw.
 They that pretend to Faith, yet live in Sin,
 May judge from thence their Faith is to begin:
 They will by this Imaginary Faith
 Believe themselves to everlasting Wrath.
 If any Fruit from such a Faith they find,
 The Fruit it bears is but a Bastard kind:
 Not good Fruit to the God of Heav'n, but evil
 Unto their Father that's in Hell, the Devil.
 But where a Heav'n-born Faith doth once take Root,
 It cannot but produce most holy Fruit.
 No Fruit is good but what proceedeth from
 Faith's pow'ful, fertile and prolifick Womb:

PART I. *The Believers Espousals:*

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Tho' Faith hath nothing of its own, but brings
Auxiliaries from the King of Kings.
Who doth his holy Sp'rit and Grace impart,
And writes his holy Law into the Heart.
Yea Faith employs the mighty Pow'r of God,
To carry on the Soul in Duty's Road.
It drains the Soul of Self and legal Aims,
And to the Strength of Christ alone it claims.
And thus its Service to the Law o'rtops
The highest Zeal of *Pharisaick* Phops.

Thus doth the Husband by his Father's Will
Both for and in his Bride the Law fulfil :
For her, as 'tis a Covenant, and then
In her, as 'tis a Rule of Life to Men.
First all Law-Debt he doth compleatly pay,
Then of Law-Duties all the Charge defray.
For having pay'd her Debt, he helps to Duty,
And makes his filthy Bride a holy Beauty.
He that his perfect Righteousness doth grant,
His holy Image also doth implant.
He that his Graces in her Heart doth drop,
Will give his precious Seed a glorious Crop.
Altho' on Earth it suffers sad decays,
The Branch it grows on will it highly raise.
In Holiness of Life none can come speed,
While separated from this holy Head.
No Man can bear a Grain of holy Fruit,
Until ingrafted in this living Root.
The Hypocrite's in his Devotion whole,
A painted Puppet, not a living Soul.
No Off-spring but the Bride of Christ's is good,
This happy Marriage hath a holy Brood.
Let Sinners learn this Mystery to read,
No Fruit do we bring forth unto our Head,
Till through the Law, we to the Law be dead.
No true Obedience to the Law, but force't,
Shall any yield, till from the Law divorce't.
Obedience to it as a Rule they want,
Till driven from it as a Covenant.
Yea more, till Men do this Divorce obtain
Divorce from Sin they do attempt in vain.
For ev'ry Man the Yoke of Sin doth draw
Till once he be divorced from the Law.

Yea, Sin's Dominion cannot but take Place
 While Men are under Law, not under Grace;
 Why, nothing doth our Enmity remove
 But Grace, or free Displays of Divine Love:
 Could Sinners hear a faithful God but say
 That no more Debt remains for them to pay;
 But that the Surety all Law-Debt discharg'd;
 How would their Hearts be then with Love enlarg'd.
 Love, which is the fulfilling of the Law,
 Were then the Yoke which they would sweetly draw.
 Love would constrain, and to his Service move,
 Who left them nothing more to do but love.
 Yea did his Love but circumscribe their Heart,
 They could not but their Love to him impart;
 And judge themselves obliged to obey
 Their Husband's loving Precepts ev'ry way:
 Yea, more obliged to Obedience,
 Than ever Adam was in Innocence,
 Why, now the Bride's not call'd to win Salvation
 By her Obedience, nor to shun Damnation:
 But bound from Gratitude, to serve him well,
 Who both hath purchast Heav'n, and vanquish't Hell.
 Without all legal Hope, or slavish Fear,
 The Oars of Gospel Service now to steer:
 In Holiness and Righteousness for ever,
 Before him, who from Foes doth her deliver.
 To him she owes of Love the greatest Sum,
 Who bought her Heav'n, and sav'd from Wrath to come.
 She can't but chuse to be a loving Wife,
 To serve him in his Strength through all her Life,
 And seek to glorify his Name for ay,
 Who left her not a single Mite to pay
 To th' Law, as 'tis a Covenant of Life,
 Which he discharged fully, for his Wife.
 The Ground she moves upon should be from hence
 Not servile Fear, but loving Reverence.

The Glorious Husband's Love can't lead the Wife
 To Whoredom, or Licentiousness of Life;
 Nay, nay, she finds his warmest Love within
 The hottest Fire, to melt her Heart for Sin.
 His Love to her is ay the strongest Cord,
 To bind her to the Service of her Lord.

The more assured Faith she hath of this,
 The more his Law her Delectation is.
 D' ye think if Men could once this Length attain,
 They might themselves with Sin's Defilement stain.
 Ah Ignorance! they do but in this Case,
 Bewray their total Want of saving Grace.
 For all in whom the Grace of God doth reign,
 They know his Grace to be a holy Thing.
 Curs'd they indeed, whose *Antinomian* Dress
 Makes Christ a Covert for their Idleness.
 If Grace but act, O how the Bride will lothe
 To make her Lord a Pillow for her Sloath!
 Why, shall she sin, that Grace may thence abound?
 Oh, God forbid, the Thought doth her confound.
 She's dead unto the Law, and dead to Sin,
 How can she any longer live therein?
 She's now a Slave to none of them, but rather
 A Servant to a better Lord than either.
 Grace to God's Service doth more sweetly draw,
 Than Hell, and all the Curses of the Law.



S E C T. IV.

A Caution to all against a legal Spirit.

BUt says the subtle Heart of Legalists,
 So bound unto Law by nat'ral Twists,
 What needeth all this Work about Divorce?
 Mens Lives are ill, and would we have them worse?
 These *Antinomians* spoil all humane Beauty,
 What, would the Man divorce us all from Duty?
 Why all this Work about the Law and Grace?
 We know that Merit cannot now take Place,
 And what needs more; well to let Slander drop,
 Let Merit for a little be the Scope.
 Ah, many learn to speak in soundest Terms,
 Who yet embrace the Law, with legal Arms.
 Tho' some by wholesome Education taught,
 Do own that humane Merit now is naught:
 Yet ah, they but renounce proud Merit's Name,
 And more refin'dly wed the Popish Scheme;

While

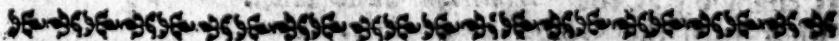
While by their Works they hope for divine Bless;
 And when they fail, trust Christ for what's amiss.
 They, to his Righteousness pretend to flie,
 But by it, Saviours of themselves would be.
 To Works of Merit, tho' they seem as Foes,
 Yet seek Salvation, as it were, by those:
 Gentiles it found, who did not seek, nor know;
 But *Israel* lost it all, who sought it so.
 Let these who won't cast off their legal Dress,
 Mind that as Sin, so Bastard Righteousness
 Hath slain its Thousands, who in touring Pride
 The Righteousness of Jesus Christ deride.
 A Righteousness as good as God can make it,
 But Man esteems his own, and will not take it:
 He may pretend Law-Deeds to be deny'd,
~~Yet by his Deeds aim to be justify'd.~~
 By Faith, Repentance, Love, and other such,
 These Deamers, ah, are righteous over much,
 Such *Uzza's* give our Ark a wrongful Touch.
 By legal Works, however Gospeliz'd,
 Tremenduous Justice ne'er can be appeas'd,
 Or Sinners justify'd, before that God,
 Whose Law is perfect, and exceeding broad.
 Nay, Faith its self, that leading, precious Grace,
 As 'tis a Work, shall never here have Place.
 Not Faith, nor any Act of it, nor Fruit
 Doth God to Men for Righteousness impute.
 Faith's Object, Christ's Obedience unto Death,
 This justifying Honour only hath.
 Faith from its glorious Object hath its Fame,
 Its great Renown, and justifying Name.
 Faith whereby all is taken, nothing bought,
 Receiveth all Things, but deserveth nought.
 It's highest Name is from its Wedding Vow,
 As instrumental in the Marriage Knot.
 Jehovah lends the Bride in that blest Hour,
 Th' exceeding Greatness of his mighty Pow'r:
 Which sweetly doth her Heart consent command
 To reach her Husband fair, her naked Hand;
 For to embrace him, never would she stir,
 Till first his loving Hand embraced her.
 He's wont to shew her, in his first Address,
 His Glory, as the Sun of Righteousness:

Yet would by Gospel-Works be justify'd

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At which all glories, which the Earth adorn,
Shrink like the sick Moon, at the wholesome Morn.
This glorious Sun, when mounting with a Grace,
Dark Shades of Creature-Righteousness doth chase.
Then Faith disclaims its self, and all its Train
Of Vertues, which before were counted Gain,
And counts them Dung, with holy, meek Disdain: }
For then in Christ, who hath the sole Promotion,
All's swallowed up, as Rivers in the Ocean.
The Soul now taught of God, sees humane Schools
Do make all Christless Men but learned Fools:
And that till divine Teaching sweetly draw,
No Learning will divorce them from the Law.
Or if they seem (by soundest Terms of Art)
Divorc'd; 'tis in Profession, not in Heart.
Till sov'reign Grace and Pow'r the Heart do catch,
It takes not Christ to be the only Match.
Nay, Works compete, ah true! however odd,
Dead Works are Rivals with the Living God.
Till Divine Light break in, no Man is brought
To mortify his Self-exalting Thought.
Heav'n must in sov'reign Mercy, clear the Sight,
Confound the Pride, with supernat'ral Light.
Let holiest Souls, in humane Flesh that lodge,
Have but their Life scann'd, by the dreadful Judge:
How shall they e'er his awful Search endure,
Before whose purest Eyes, Heav'n is not pure?
How shall their black Inditement be enlarg'd,
When by him Angels are with Folly charg'd?
What humane Worth shall stand, when he shall scan?
O may his Glory stain the Pride of Man,



SECT. V.

*An Encouragement to Gospel Ministers, to endeavour the Sinner's
Match with Christ by Gospel Means.*

THE Publication of these Lines doth shew,
They are content, tho' all the World should view.
The Truth deliver'd needs no Subterfuge,
Let Scripture and approved Standards judge.

The

The Author doth indeed with Blush confess,
 And craveth Pardon for the rustick Dress.
 A clownish Speaker needs to make Concession,
 That Truth may suffer by his dark Expression.
 With carping Wits, the stumbling Pen may meet,
 But Truth advanced, still will hold its Feet.
 And since these rude, unpolish'd sorry Lines
 May fall into the Hands of sound Divines:
 Let those o'erlooking frivolous Escapes
 Try if this Shrub can yield some wholesome Grapes.
 May they encourag'd be from all that's said,
 By Gospel-Means, to make the Marriage Bed,
 And to their Lord a Virgin chaste to wed.
 The more proud Nature to the Law doth sway,
 The more should Preachers bend the Gospel Way.
 Oft in the Church arise most dangerous Schisms
 From Antievangelick Aphorisms.
 A legal Spirit may be Ground of Terror,
 As be'ng the fertile Womb of ev'ry Error.
 Hence Pop'ry that's so natural to all,
 Makes legal Works a Saviour from Thral.
 Hence the Socinian Vets his Reason by,
 'Bove ev'ry precious Gospel-Mystery.
 Yea, with blasphemous Boldness dare oppose
 Its Divine Author, Christ, the Sharon Rose.
 Hence dare Arminians too, with brazen Face,
 Give Man's free Will, the Throne of God's free Grace;
 Their Flesh-exalting Strain most clearly doth
 Shew Ignorance, of Law and Gospel both.
 Hence Neonomians spring, as some do call
 The New-Law-Makers, to redress our Fall:
 The Law of Works, into Repentance, Faith,
 Is chang'd; as their Baxterian Bible saith.
 They turn the Gospel to an easy Law,
 And build their tott'ring House with Hay and Straw.
 Yet hide (like Rachel's Idols in the Stuff)
 Their legal Hands within a Gospel Muff.
 Yea hence, ev'n Antinomian Dust doth rise,
 Whose gross Abettors are not yet so wise,
 To see how Gospel Grace doth sweetly draw
 Its Captives to Obedience of the Law.
 No wonder Paul the legal Strain doth curse,
 Since of all Errors thus it is the Nurse.

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He in Jehovah's, and in Christ's great Name
Condemns Perverters of the Gospel Scheme:
Damns Men of Parts, whose Sophisms would smother,
Yea, curses Angels that shall preach another.
A Crime of which they're charg'd, who do dispense
The self-same Gospel in another Sense.
Christ is not preached truly, but in Word,
If Men do only draw the legal Sword:
While Christ, as Author of the Law, they press,
More then 'as th' End of it for Righteousness.
Christ a commanding King to rule, they shew,
More than a conquering King first to subdue.
Christ as a Seeker of our Service, trace,
More than a Giver of enabling Grace.
Christ as a Lover of our Holiness,
More than as Author of that lovely Dress.
The Gospel Field with legal Spade he delves,
Who thus drives Sinners in unto themselves:
Who halve the Truth, which should be all reveal'd.
The sweetest Part of Christ is oft conceal'd.
We bid Men turn from Sin, but seldom say,
Behold the Lamb, that taketh Sin away.
Christ by the Gospel (rightly understood)
Not only treats a Peace, but makes it good.
These Suitors of the Bride, whose only Scope
Is but to drag her, with the legal Rope:
But scarcely use the Gospel drawing Cord,
Hon'ring the Law, they but affront its Lord.
Yet seem the greatest Friends to Holiness,
Betraying Jesus with a Judas-kiss.
Highest Pretenders oft are least Partakers,
Law-Boasters frequently are but Law-Breakers.
Hell cares not how much Holiness be preach't
If Sinners Match with Christ be never reach't:
Knowing their Holiness is but a Sham,
Who ne'er are marri'd to the Holy Lamb.
Let Words have never such a pious shew,
Which make a Blaze in rude Professors view.
Yea, tho' with sacred Aromaticks spice'd
If they but drown in Silence glorious Christ;
Or (if he may some vacant Room supply)
Do make him but a Subject by the by;
They mar the truest Holiness of all,
To breed a Bastard, Pharisaical.

The

The Gospel Message they but sadly broke,
 And so make Havock of the Master's Flock.
 Yet please themselves and the blind Multitude,
 By whom the Gospel's little understood.
 Rude Souls may think there is but little odds
 Betwixt the Legal and the Gospel Rods :
 But Men attempt in vain to blind the two,
 They differ more than *Christ* and *Moses* do :
Moses the Gospel in the Types display'd,
 But from the Law no Gospel Light convey'd.
 The legal Way's by Nature known to all,
 But Gospel My'stries so to none at all.
 The legal Cov'nant now, in Part, or Whole
 Can surely damn ; but cannot save a Soul.
 Law-Terrors may (through Grace) to th' Gospel draw,
 And Gospel Grace leads back unto the Law :
 The Law doth (as it is a Covenant,)
 Make Sinners see that they the Gospel want,
 Then doth the Gospel powerfully incline
 Men to the Law. (as 'tis a Rule divine.)
 Preachers may therefore, press the fiery Law,
 To put the Christless Sinner under Aw :
 The Law, which for his Sins to Hell doth press,
 Yea, damns him for his rotten Righteousness :
 That when he sees the Law exceeding broad,
 He may fly to the Righteousness of God.
 But ah, to teach Law-Works, as Terms of Life,
 Thus to renew the vain old Cov'nant Strife,
 Was ne'er the Way to court the Lamb a Wife.
 If we the Law and Gospel don't severe,
 We see not Duties in their proper Sphere.
 Make Law-Commands a Rule of Life, why not ?
 But not a Knife to cut the Gospel's Throat.
 The legal Path Man's Nature loveth well,
 Yet ah, 'tis but the cleanest Way to Hell.
 The Man that walketh in the foulest Way,
 Whose Wickedness no Bridle e'er could stay,
 Let but his Conscience speak its nat'ral Voice,
 The Way of Life by Works is still its choice.
 When prest, 'twill natively this Answer give,
 Indeed I ought to do, that I may live.
 The nat'ral Conscience of all humane Race
 Knows nothing of a Covenant of Grace.

Nay, pusheth at the Gospel, like a Ram,
As Proxy for the Law, against the Lamb.
The proud Self-righteous *Pharisaick* Strain
Is, *Bless'd be God, I'm not like other Men:*
I read and pray, give Alms, I mourn and fast,
And therefore hope I'll get to Heav'n at last.
For tho' from ev'ry Sin I be not free,
There are great Multitudes much worse than me:
I do not swear, nor drink, nor cheat, nor whore;
Thus on the Law he builds his *Babel Tow'r*.
Yea, even the greatest vilest Debauchee
Will make the Law of Works his very Plea,
Why, saith the Man; What take you me to be?
A Turk or Infidel? (you lie) I'm neither
A cursed Pagan, nor a Papist either;
I'm a good Christian, and hence I bode
It shall be well with me, I hope in God.
An't I an honest Man, nay I defy
That any can say, Black unto mine Eye.
Perhaps when the Reprover turns his Back,
He'll loose more plagued Wares out of his Pack;
And with his Fellows, in a Strain, more big,
Bid damn the base, uncharitable Whig.
Such Hypocrites forsooth (He'll proudly say,)
Think none shall ever get to Heav'n but they.
We hope as well as they, for we may see
The best have even their Faults, as well as we.
We have as good a Heart, we hope, as these;
Altho' we do not make so great a Blaze.
These strick Professors, whose foul Crimes are hid,
Would damn us all to Hell, but God forbid.
For tho' we don't pretend so much as they,
We hope to get to Heav'n a shorter Way:
We seek God's Mercy, and are all along
Most free of Malice, and do no Man wrong.
Thus devilish Pride o'rlooks a thousand Faults,
And on a legal Ground it self exalts.
This DO and LIVE, that legal Covenant
In ev'ry Mortal, is proud Nature's vaunt.
Shall we, who should with Gospel Methods draw,
Send Sinners to their nat'ral Spouse, the Law;
(Unless for Fire their proud, hard Hearts to thaw,)
Why thus, instead of courting Christ a Bride,
We harden Sinners, in their nat'ral Pride,

O let us not essay proud Flesh to please,
 Nor hide in Silence Gospel Mysteries.
 God offers Men his Grace, shall we refuse it,
 Or hide it under Ground, least Men abuse it.
 Suppress the Gospel Flow'r, upon Pretence,
 That some vile Spiders may suck Poison thence.
 Our Lord is set (shall this discourage any)
 As for the Rise, so for the Fall of many.
 Christ is a stumbling Block, shall we neglect
 To preach him, least blind Fools should break their Neck.
 No Part of Divine Truth must be suppress'd,
 Tho' Reprobates it to their ruin wrest.
 The Sun by which some hard'ned are, and harm'd,
 Thereby are others molify'd and warm'd.
 What makes a saving Change i' th' Sinners Case,
 Nothing but free Displays of Gospel Grace.
 That legal Spirit surely may be blam'd,
 That of the glorious Gospel is sham'd:
 For 'tis alone this Gospel Proclamation
 That is the Pow'r of God unto Salvation.
 For therein is reveal'd (as Scripture saith)
 The Righteousness of God, from Faith to Faith.
 The Revelation of this Gospel Flower
 Is just the Organ of Almighty Power.
 The News of Christ's full Righteousness and Merit
 Is made the Ministration of the Spirit.
 Hence that same holy Sp'rit prescribes a Task
 To all proud legal Minds, while he doth ask
 Pray, in what Channel is't, or in what Road,
 That we receive the Holy Sp'rit of God?
 Is't in the Gospel or the legal Path,
 By legal Works, or by the Word of Faith?
 If by the Gospel only; then let none
 Dare to be wiser than the wisest one.
 Freely we do receive, let's freely give
 The Bread, which only makes dead Sinners live:
 That living Bread, that's of a quick'ning Nature,
 And preach the Gospel unto ev'ry Creature:
Ho! ev'ry one that thirsteth, is the Call,
 Which means not only spiritual Thirsters all;
 But mainly, to their Door, the Message brings,
 Who yet are thirsting after empty Things,
 Who spend their Means for that which is not Bread,
 And Pains for that which never satisfy'd.

Here.

PART I. *The Believers Espousals.*

35

Here, then the Gospel Call such Thirsters means,
Who vainly spend their Money and their Pains
Ev'n on the World, and their vile Lusts, which can
Bring no Advantage unto any Man.
The Call directs them, if they would be blest,
Unto a better Object of their Thirst.
Let's then call Men to Christ, with sp'ritual Mirth,
To drink who need it, like the parched Earth;
Whose wide Mouth'd Clefts proclaim when it is dry
Its passive Thirst, without an active cry.
We must extend the Gospel Call with Skill,
And offer Christ to whosoever will:
To Sinners of all Sorts, that can be nam'd,
The blind, the lame, the poor, the halt, the maim'd.
We are not to restrict this Gospel-Call,
But open wide the Net, to catch them all.
No Sinners are excluded that will come,
Shall Right of Access be confin'd to some?
Tho' none will come until they see their need,
Yet Right to come to Christ they have indeed.
Such Right to Christ, his Promise, and his Grace,
That all are damn'd, who hear and don't embrace
The Gospel-Offer; but a Sham we make,
If ev'ry Sinner have not Right to take.
Then, Gospel Guides, be fortify'd from this,
To trumpet Grace, how'er the Serpent hiss;
For Gospel Preachers and Believers may
For Slander and Reproach, their Measures lay;
They never can therefrom be wholly fenc'd
This Sect will ev'ry where be spoke against,
While Satan to and fro the Earth doth cross,
(Who still was ἐδραζόμεν κατήγορος.)
In spite of Hell, may't be our constant strife
To win the glorious Lamb a Virgin Wife.



SECT.

S E C T. VI.

An Exhortation to all that are out of Christ, in Order to their closing the Match with him; Together with a Word of Terror to those who through Unbelief reject this glorious Husband Jesus Christ.

Reader, if never yet thou didst him wed,
Nor yield thy Bosom, for his Marriage Bed.
But with the Law art marry'd to this Day,
Which ne'er had Pow'r to draw thy Heart away
From thy base Lusts, and other Lover's Charms,
Thou yet art fast lock't up in Satan's Arms.
And therefore Sinner, as thou loves thy Life,
O seek to be the Lamb's betrothed Wife.
Art thou a legal Zealot, soft or rude,
Renounce thy nat'ral and acquired Good.
Know that good Motions may in some be found,
Much Joy in Hearing like the Stony Ground.
They may the Blessing seek, with Sorrows, Fears,
As Esau sought it carefully with Tears:
They may with legal Self be still perverted,
And to their Duties, not to Christ converted.
Touching the Law, they may most blameless seem,
Their selves and others may their Zeal esteem.
Yet Publicans and Harlots Heav'nward go,
Before Self-righteous ones like these do so.
Sooner may those cast off their wicked Dress,
Than these blind Zealots will their Righteousness.
Who think they have (which doth confirm their Pride)
The Law of God it self upon their Side.
And hence no Pains, no Arguments can draw
To Christ, a Heart so wedded to the Law.
But if this glorious Husband you would have,
Know that your nat'ral Husband cannot save.
Tho' you essay to pay the Law its Rent,
Yea, pray and weep, and Day and Night lament:
You cannot in the least the Law content.
Your Life, tho' in Devotion passed o'er,
Won't hinder it from craving more and more.

There

PART I. *The Believers Espousals.*

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There's no Proportion 'twixt its high Demands;
 And any Work from your defiled Hands;
 Perfection is the least that it commands.
 Would'st enter into Life, then, keep the Law;
 But keep it perfectly, without a Flaw:
 It won't take less; nor will abate at last
 A Drop of Vengeance for the Sin that's past.
 Why, that's impossible for me, say you,
 Yea, so it is indeed; and therefore now
 That all your legal Confidence may fall,
 The Law's black Doom home to your Bosom call.
 Lo, I (the Divine Law) demand no less
 Than everlasting, perfect Righteousness.
 But thou hast fail'd, and lost thy strength to do;
 Therefore I doom thee to eternal Wo.
 In Prison thou must be shut up for ay,
 E'er I be baffled with thy partial Pay.
 Thou always didst, and dost my Precepts break;
 Therefore I curse thee, to the burning Lake.
 In God the great Law-Giver's glorious Name
 I judge thy Soul to everlasting Shame.
 No Flesh shall by the Law be justify'd,
 And wilt thou then thy legal Duties plead?
 As Paul appeal'd to *Cæsar*, wilt thou so
 Appeal unto the Law; then to it go,
 And hear it doom thy Soul to endless Wo.
 What, some may say, you'd lead us to despair,
 Yes, so we would, yea God would have you there.
 It is his Will, that you despair of Life,
 And Safety by the Law, or legal Strife,
 That thence divorce't, his Son may have a Wife.
 Till this Law Sentence pass within your Breast,
 You'll never wed the *Law discharging Priest*.
 You prize not Heav'n, till he through Hell you draw;
 Nor love the Gospel, till you know the Law.
 Know then, the Law is perfect, and it cares
 For none of your imperfect legal Wares.
 It dooms to Vengeance, for thy sinful State;
 Let be thy sinful Actions small or great.
 If any Sin can be accounted small,
 The Law doth doom thy Soul for one and all.
 For Sins of Nature, Practice, Heart and Way,
 Damnation rent it Summons thee to pay.

Yea not for Sin alone, which is thy Shame,
But damns thee for thy Service, which is lame:
The Law adjudgeth Hell and thee to meet,
Because thy Righteousness is incomplete.
As tow'ring Flames burn up the wither'd Flags,
So will the firey Law thy rotten Rags;

Where art thou, Adam? Soul, where art thou now?
Oh, art thou saying, Sir, What shall I do.
I dare not use that proud, Self-raising Strain,
Go help your self, and God will help you then:
Nay rather know, O Isra'ls, that thou hast
Destroy'd thy self, and cannot in the least
Thy self from Sin, nor yet from Thralldom free,
Thy Help (says Jesus) only lyes in me.
Jehovah's Word directs to him alone,
He hath laid Help upon this mighty One.
In him alone complete Salvation dwells;
He's God the Helper, and *there is none else.*
Fig-Leaves won't hide thee from the firey Shower,
Its only he that saves by Price and Power.

What then, should we do nothing, may you say,
But rest in Sloth, till Heav'n its Pow'r convey?
Pray, stay a while poor Soul, and don't abuse
God's awful Word, which chargeth thee to use
Means, Ordinances; which his Love doth place,
To be the Channels of his powerful Grace.
In use of them be restless, till from Heaven
The whole Salvation which thou need'st be given.
Wait in these Means to which he doth thee call;
Upon the God who only worketh all.
Would'st thou him wed, in Duties wait, I say,
But marry not thy Duties, by the Way:
Nay, go a little farther, through them all,
To him, who only can relieve from Thral.
It's in a Gospel Way you're call'd to wait,
And seek to enter in at this strait Gate.
For many Souls unlearned and unstable
Shall seek to enter in, and shan't be able:
Because they do mistake the Way of Life,
And make a Legal, not a Gospel Strife.
They think their Use of Means doth bind the Lord,
And to their own Destruction wrest his Word.

Some

PART I. *The Believers Espousals.*

39

Some Scriptures, such as, *Seek and ye shall find,*
Are much abus'd by ev'ry legal Mind:
Which Papiſt-like, do make their moral Pains,
Moſt natively infer all ſaving Gains.
While to the Word no Goſpel Senſe they give,
Their *ſeek and find's* the ſame with, *Do and live.*
The Senſe in which this *ſeek and find* they take,
Iſo to their Ruin but a groſs Miſtake.
Why, if we ſeek we get, they gather hence,
Which iſ not true: but in the Scripture Senſe:
Chriſt there doth ſpeak to Friends, and elſewhere faith
Theſe Seekers only ſpeed, who aſk in Faith.
The Prayer of the Wicked iſ abhor'd,
As an Abomination to the Lord.
But tho' their Prayers God doth not reſpect,
They are more guilty, if they do neglect.
It's ſure the nat'ral Man iſ bound to pray,
Hence *Peter* leads the Sorcerer this Way.
For tho' the Chriſtleſs, wicked Sinner's Pray'rs
Acceptance want, as they are Works of theirs;
And can, as their Performance, have no Sway,
Yet, as a divine Ordinance, they may.
But Heav'n hath not oblig'd it ſelf to grant
The Suit of any Man, that's not a Saint.
Tho' theſe who do his Son in Marriage take,
He's bound himſelf to hear them, for his Sake;
Yet let no Chriſtleſs Soul at Pray'r appear,
As if Jehovah were oblig'd to hear.
Hold Duty's Path, becauſe a ſov'reign God
Iſ wont to meet with Sinners in this Road.
He calleth thee to wait at Wiſdom's Gate,
To read, to pray, to hear, to meditate.
Let then thy Soul on Duties ſtill be bent,
As Goſpel Means, but not as Legal Rent.
Expect not thy Salvation from the ſame,
But from Jehovah in the uſe of them.
The poor Man's Spirit never was ſo dull,
While waiting at the Gate, call'd Beautiful;
To hope for Succour, from the Temple Gate,
At which he daily carefully did wait:
But from the rich and charitable Sort,
Who to the Temple daily made reſort.
Means, Ordinances are the comely Gate,
At which we daily are oblig'd to wait.

Gospel-Canticles.

Not, that from these we have our Alms; but from
 The lib'ral God, who there is wont to come.
 If either we these Means shall dare neglect,
 Or yet from these our Safety shall expect;
 We from the Glory of that God default,
 Who in the Galleries is wont to walk;
 And do not rightly move in Duty's Road,
 But turn our Duties to an Idol-God.
 Seek Grace, when Gospel-Means you would essay,
 That you may use them in a Gospel Way.
 Make never these the Price of Divine Favour,
 Nor your Sin-expiating, cleansing Labour.
 Expecting, when you have performed these,
 That now there's something done, your Judge to please:
 For thus you basely, make an Idol-Christ
 Of Means; wherein you ought with him to trifle.
 Would'st buy his Gifts with thy vile Trash; he'll say,
 Thy Money perish with thy Soul for aye,
 Duties are Means, which to the Marriage Bed
 Should chastly lead us, like a Chamber-Maid;
 But if with her, instead of Christ, we match,
 We not our Safety, but our Ruin hatch.
 To *Cesar* what is *Cesar's* should be given,
 But *Cesar* must not have what's due to Heaven;
 So, Duties should have Duty's Room. its true,
 But nothing of the glorious Husband's due.
 Tho' Duties ought to have our close Attendance,
 Yet God and Christ alone our whole Dependence:
 If Duties, Tears, our Conscience pacify,
 They with the Blood of Christ presume to vve.
 Means are his Vassals, shall we (without Grudge)
 Discard the Master, and espouse the Drudge.
 The Hypocrite, the Legalist doth sin,
 To feed on Duties, not on Christ therein:
 He only lives on empty Dishes, Plates,
 Who dotes on Means, but at the Manna frets.
 Let never Means content thy Soul at all,
 Without the Husband, who is All in All.
 Cry daily for the happy Marriage Hour;
 To you belongs the Mean, to him the Pow'r.

In fine, poor Soul, if thou wouldst ask at me,
What shall I do, that I may saved be?

Why,

PART I. *The Believers Espousals.*

41

Why, if thou wouldst indeed Salvation have,
Believe in Jesus, who alone can save.
And close with him, for Righteousness and Strength,
Renouncing all thy legal Hopes at length.
Believe, say you, I can no more believe,
Than keep the Law of Works, *the Do and Live.*
True; and it's so far good if thou dost see
Thy utter Want of all Abilitie.
New Cov'nant Graces he alone can grant
Whom God hath given to be the Covenant.
In this *New Cov'nant*, Faith doth never hold
The Room of *perfect Doing*, in the *Old*.
God gives not Faith to be the Fed'ral Price
Of other Blessings, or of Paradise.
But giving this, he ope's as't were a Door,
At which he giveth in still more and more.
Men are not on their Faith to lay their Strefs,
True Faith was ne'er a perfect Righteousness.
God ne'er design'd it to have such a Place,
It is at best but an imperfect Grace.
Its Fame (as said already) flies abroad,
Because it grips the Righteousness of God.
Which Righteousness receiv'd is (without Strife)
The true Condition of eternal Life.
But still, say you, Pow'r to believe I miss;
Well said; but knows thou what believing is?
Faith doth not stand in building up a Tower
Of some great Action, by thy proper Power.
For Heav'n well knows thou hast no Pow'r at all,
Nor Will to any Good, since *Adam's Fall*:
But Faith's the pow'rless, helpless Creature's Flight
To him, that saveth by his glorious Might.
Its *an employing* Jesus to do all
That can within Salvation's Compass fall.
Faith doth employ him to do ev'ry Thing
Belonging to a Prophet, Priest and King:
To teach, to pardon, sanctify and save,
And nothing to the Creatures Share to leave.
Faith maketh us content; content that he
Our Head and Husband, and our All should be.
Our Righteousness to justify our Soul,
Our Strength to sanctify and make us whole.
That he be Grace and Glory, Food and Clothing,
Yea more, that he be All, and we be Nothing

Wisdom's sweet, gracious Project Faith doth view,
 And closeth with it, both as good and true:
 The Mind's Assent unto *the Truth*, is brought;
 The Will's Consent unto *what's Good* is wrought.
 The Holy Spirit Faith's efficient, Chief
 Must work this Faith, and dash thy Unbelief.
 That very God who calls thee to believe,
 The very Faith he calleth for, must give:
 Why calls he then? (say you) pray, Man, be wise;
 Why did he call dead *Lazarus* to rise?
 Because the Call did in its Bosom bear
 Almighty Pow'r, to make the dead to hear.
 But what if he such Pow'r shall not display?
 Why, still thou art obliged to obey:
 But God is not oblig'd at all to stretch
 His Arm of saving Pow'r to such a Wretch.
 All these, on whom Salvation doth take Place,
 Are sav'd by a Prerogative of Grace:
 But all the Vessels of the Divine Wrath
 By Acts of Justice damn'd, as Scripture saith,
 Go then, and at Jehovah's Footstool bow,
 Thou knows not what a sov'reign God may do.
 Own, that if he commiserate thy Case,
 'Twill be an Act of pow'rful sov'reign Grace.
 Set solemnly some special Time apart,
 Then pour into his Bosom all thy Heart,
 And in this Strain thy Soul to God impart.
 O glorious, gracious, pow'rful, sov'reign Lord,
 Thy Help unto a sinful Wretch afford,
 Who from my wretched Birth ev'n to this Hour,
 Have still been destitute of Will and Pow'r
 To close with glorious Christ, yea fill'd with Spice
 'Gainst him, who is God's Darling, Heav'n's Delight,
 O come to take my Enmity away.
 O send the Day of Pow'r, the Marriage Day,
 Thou spak'st to Being ev'ry Thing we see,
 And hadst no more to say, but, *Let it be*.
 From nothing then to Being, all did pass,
 Let there be Light, thou saidst, and then it was.
 A pow'rful Word like this, a mighty Call
 Must say, *Let there be Faith, and then it shall*.
 Thou seek'st my Faith and Flight from Sin and Guilt,
 Give what thou seekst, and then seek what thou wilt.

Thou

PART I. *The Believers Essentials.*

43

Thou knows, no good can spring from what is evil,
 This Heart of mine is wicked like the Devil.
 With special, saving Pow'r let me be blest,
 My Heart all common Motions doth resist.
 Thou calls, but with the Call thy Pow'r convey,
 Command me to believe, and I'll obey.
 Command, O Lord, effectually command,
 And grant I be not able to withstand,
 Then shall I stretch the pow'rless wither'd Hand.
 I to thy Favour can pretend no Claim,
 But what is borrow'd from thy glorious Name.
 Which tho' it glorify'd for ay can be,
 In damning such a sinful Wretch as me,
 A Faggot, fitted for eternal Flames,
 Which thy incens'd Justice still proclaims:
 Yet Lord, since now I hear thy glorious Son,
 In Favours towards these that were undone,
 Did in thy Name, by thy Authority,
 Thy awful Justice fully satisfy,
 And brought more Praise and Glory thereunto
 Than Hell and all its Torments e'er can do.
 And since Salvation through his Blood can raise
 A Revenue to Justice highest Praise,
 Higher than Rent which Hell for ever pays:
 Let Justice then according to thy Will,
 Be glorify'd with Glory great and full;
 Not glorify'd in Hell, to which I'm niggest,
 But glorify'd in Heav'n, where Glory's highest.
 O let thy Name be glorify'd on me,
 Let Glory to it in the Highest be.
 For Mercy's Sake I crave Salvation now,
 Yea for the Glory of thy Justice too.
 In lowest Hell much lower Praise is win,
 Than that thou hast in thy beloved Son.
 In him then save thou me from Sin and Shame,
 And to the highest glorify thy Name.
 Since ev'ry Letter of thy Name Divine,
 In Christ thy Image, doth most brightly shine,
 O let this glorious Husband then be mine.
 That thus thy Name may be exalted wholly,
 While I, in him, both happy am and holy.
 O hear Jehovah, get the Glory then,
 And to my Supplication say, Amen.

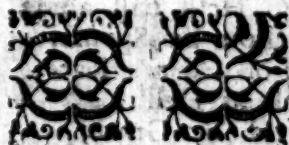
If in this Manner thou to him couldst see,
 There would be Hope in *Israel* for thee :
 Don't slight this Call, and say its but a Rhime;
 Else thou mayst rue for ay, if not in Time.
 No Man can lawfully condemn and shun
 All good Advice that doth in Meeter run :
 Th' origⁿal Fountains of the sacred Writ
 Much heav'nly Truth, in holy Rhimes transmit
 If this don't make a Verse-Discourse the sweeter,
 Yet hence it is no Crime to preach in Meeter.
 Some won't it understand, nor others please
 No Help for that, till Heav'n shall ope' their Eyes.
 These Lines are writ, altho' with little Skill ;
 Yet with some weak Desire, and faint good Will,
 To mortify all legal, nat^ral Pride,
 And court the Lamb of God a Virgin-Bride.
 If he in Match to thee be never given,
 Thou'lt dwell in Hell, as sure as God's in Heaven.
 If Gospel Grace and Goodness don't thee draw,
 Thou art condemn'd already, by the Law.
 Yea hence, Damnation highten'd must take Place,
 If still thy Heart shall slight redeeming Grace.
 Nothing from Hell beneath, or Heav'n above,
 Will draw thy Heart, if not the Cord of Love.
 But sink thou must e'er long, in endless Woes ;
 Thy Life doth, like these Lines, draw to a Close.
 Thy false old Cov'nant Hopes will then be lost,
 And with thy wretched Soul give up the ghost.
 Then farewell God and Christ, and Grace and Glor^e;
 Thou art undone, undone for evermore.
 For ever sinking underneath the Load
 Of an eternal, Sin-avenging God.
 Heav'n still upholding Life, in dreadful Death,
 Still throwing down hot Thunder-Bolts of Wrath :
 As full of Terror, and as manifold,
 As finite Vessels of his Wrath can hold.
 Then, then the Wretch, we may suppose, will cry,
 Oh, if this damning God would let me dy,
 And not torment me to Eternity.
 Curst be the Day that ever I had Life,
 Curst be my Father, Mother, Man and Wife,
 Means of my Being, Instruments of Wo,
 For now I'm damn'd, I'm damn'd, and always so.

PART I. *The Believers Espousals.*

45

Curst be the Day that e'er I heard the sound
Of Christ, whose slighted Calls do now confound.
In boiling Waves of Vengeance must I ly,
O could I curse this dreadful God, and dy.
Infinite Years in Torment shall I spend,
And never, never, never at an End.
This Word of Terror only doth belong
To all the woful, Christ-despising Throng.
A Messenger of Wrath to none I am,
But those that won't espouse the *Worthy Lamb*.
For tho' the least of Sins that e'er could be
Will plunge the Christless Soul in Miserie:
Yet, lo, the greatest e'er to Men could cleave
Shan't damn the Soul, that will in Christ believe;
Because he on the very Way doth fall
Which well can make amends to God for all.
Whereas by Unbelief proud Souls won't let
The Glorious God a Satisfaction get
For all the Sins and Evils they have done,
As he might have in his eternal Son.
That sacriligious Monster, *Unbelief*
Robes God of all his Glory, like a Thief.
This black-mouth't, horrible, blasphemous Evil
Makes God most True a Lyar, like the Devil.
Doubts and Denies, even all his Words of Grace,
Spits Venom in this Glorious Husband's Face.
Yea, doth all Wickedness and Mischief hatch,
Because it doth oppose the Glorious Match.
As all Law-wedded Souls are join'd to Sin,
And destitute of Holiness within:
So all that wed the Law, must wed the Curse,
Which Rent they scorn to pay with Christ's full Purse.

But to the Bride the Author now designs
A Word of Comfort, in the following Lines;



Gospel-



Gospel Canticles :

PART II.

The Believers Jointage, &c.

O R,

A P O E M,

U P O N

ISAIAH liv. 5. *Thy Maker is thy Husband.*

Containing

The Privileges and Marks of a Believer in Christ.

ARt thou the Glorious Husband's Bride?
Whose Will he sweetly bows
To close the Match? He'll still abide
Thy Husband, thou his Spouse,
Thou'rt like the rest of Adam's Race,
By Nature, black as Hell:
But now art beautify'd by Grace,
Thy Husband decks thee well.

Far

PART II. *The Believers Joynure.*

42

Fair as the Moon, thou dost appear,
While Graces are in Dress:
Clear as the Sun, while thou dost wear
Thy Husband's Righteousness.
The Moon of Graces changeth much,
Hath many Spots upon her;
Thy Sun-like Glory is not such,
Thy Husband is thy Honour.
5 Cloath'd with the Sun, thy Garb is rare,
Of spotless Robes the rarest:
For of ten thousand Beauties fair,
Thy Husband is the fairest.
Thou art by Sin deformed quite,
Defil'd in ev'ry Duty;
But lo, his Merit makes thee white,
Thy Husband is thy Beauty.
Thy Prayers, Tears, and all thy Good
Most vile and lothsom be,
Till sprinkl'd with the precious Blood
Thy Husband shed for thee.
Tho' thy Defects and Wants be great,
In him thou art complete:
Thy starving Soul may hopeful wait,
Thy Husband giveth Meats.
Thy Money, Merit, Pow'r and Pelf
Was squander'd by the Fall:
But hast thou nothing in thy self?
Thy Husband is thy All.
10 To Law-Precepts, Threat'nings both are set
To crave of thee their due;
But Justice for thy double Debt
Thy Husband did pursue.
Tho' Justice doth as much belong
As Mercy to a God;
Yet Justice here shall get no wrong,
Thy Husband's Back is broad.
He bare the Weight of Wrath alone,
That Mercy might have vent:
Heav'n's dreadful Arrows all upon
Thy Husband's Heart were spent.
No partial Pay could Justice still,
No Farthing was diminished;
Vengeance exacted all until
Thy Husband cry'd, *It's FINISH'D!*

No

No Process more for Justice Rent
 Can now be rais'd, (at large)
 Thou may'st when e'er thou wilt, present
 Thy Husband's full Discharge.
 15 Thy Sins and horrid Guilt beget
 Great Fears of Divine Ire,
 Yet fear thou not, tho' drown'd in Debt,
 Thy Husband is the Payer.
 God might in Rigor thee indite
 Of Crimes, of highest Treason :
 But lo, in thee he takes Delight,
 Thy Husband is the Reason.
 Thou with the rest of human Race,
 Didst ly in Blood and Gore ;
 And Millions in that dismal Case
 Thy Husband pass'd o'er.
 Say then, Why did he others pass,
 And chuse the like of me ?
 There was no Reason, but because
 Thy Husband loved thee.
 Who, that he might procure thy Peace,
 And save from Sin's Arrest,
 Did give himself a Sacrifice,
 Thy Husband is thy Priest.
 20 Black Ignorance, and Error blind
 Sends many quick to Tophet ;
 But lo, he teacheth thee his Mind,
 Thy Husband is thy Prophet.
 Thy Will to his, he doth subject,
 And sweetly Captive bring :
 Thy Sins subdue, his Throne erect,
 Thy Husband is thy King.
 He'll conquer all thy grievous Foes,
 Which now thy Peace do mar ;
 Tho' many Battles thou may'st lose,
 Thy Husband gains the War.
 He'll all thine Enemies defeat,
 Until thou fight no longer ;
 Satan the strong Man is, but yet
 Thy Husband is the stronger.
 Tho' secret Sins thy Soul molest,
 Which heavy Groans do yield,
 Tho' Devils rage, yet do their best,
 Thy Husband gains the Field.

PART II. *The Believers Jointure.*

26

25 In dark Desertion do'st thou find
Thy Steps are like to slide,
Lean to his Skill, his Counsel mind,
Thy Husband is thy Guide.
In Doubts, renounce thy Self-conceit,
And still his Counsel prize,
He never counsel'd wrong as yet,
Thy Husband is most wise.
Resign (poor weak and weary Wight)
Thy self to him that's strong;
For tho' he seems far out of Sight,
Thy Husband's Arm is long.
Art thou diseased at the Heart,
Or in a sad Condition,
Its he alone can ease thy Smart,
Thy Husband's thy Physician.
Look not to Creatures great nor small,
They cannot ease thy Grief:
Use Means, but look beyond them all,
Thy Husband gives Relief.
30 Perhaps, thou need'st a better Drug,
Yet fret not with thy Will;
For thus thou may'st thy Cure prorogue,
Thy Husband wants not Skill.
He sees the Sore, and knows the Cure
That shall most proper be,
Its fittest therefore, to be sure,
Thy Husband chuse for thee.
There's Friendship in his Chastisements,
And Favour in his Frowns;
Conclude not then by sad Complaints,
Thy Husband thee disowns.
The deeper that his Lance doth go
In paining of thy Wound,
The more thy Healing shall unto
Thy Husband's Praise redound.
He empties whom he minds to fill,
Casts down whom he doth raise;
He quickens whom he seems to kill,
Thy Husband thus gets Praise.
35 When awful Rods are in his Hand,
There's Mercy in his Mind:
When Clouds upon his Brow do stand,
Thy Husband's Heart is kind.

His

Gospel-Canticles.

His Love through ev'ry State makes Way,
 Through ups and downs doth move,
 And thou at last shalt see and say,
 Thy Husband's full of Love.
 His Love through Trials hath been trace't,
 For still his Bowels melt,
 Thou'lt find that even in Depths thou hast
 Thy Husband's Favour felt.
 For when he either wounds or heals,
 It's Kindness doth him move:
 There's wrapt in Frowns, as well as Smiles,
 Thy Husband's ancient Love.
 No Cure e'er in his Hand did fail,
 Tho' of a hopeless State,
 In desperate Cases he can heal,
 Thy Husband's Art is great.
 40 The Medicine he did prepare
 Can't fail to do thee good:
 O Balsome powerful, gracious, rare,
 Thy Husband's Sacred Blood.
 Free Love did draw it from his Breast,
 When thou deserv'dst his Ire,
 He cureth best; yet seeketh least,
 Thy Husband takes no Hire.
 Thou hast no Worth, no Might, no Good
 His Favour to procure:
 But see his Store, his Pow'r, his Blood,
 Thy Husband is not poor.
 'Twas for thy Sake he once did bow
 To the most low Degree,
 That thou might'st be enriched through
 Thy Husband's Povertie.
 And now he's thine exalted Head,
 In whom all Fulness dwells:
 What Wealth soever Earth could breed,
 Thy Husband's Stock excells.
 45 His Treasure is more excellent
 Than Hills of ~~gold~~ Gold:
 Tho' Ages were in telling spent,
 Thy Husband's can't be told.
 All Things compated with the same,
 Are nought but Dung and Dross:
 For boundless Good even in his Name
 Thy Husband doth ingross.

PART II. *The Believers Jointure.*

51

His Name IMMANUEL, God-Man
 Includeth vastly more
 Than Men or Angels e'er could feare,
 Thy Husband wants not Store,
 He's full of Grace and Truth indeed,
 Of Spirit, Pow'r and Merit:
 All Riches that poor Sinners need
 Thy Husband doth inherit.
 He dwells in Heav'n, but came from thence
 To seek and save the lost:
 Whatever be the vast Expence,
 Thy Husband's at the Cost:
 50 He did expend each Drop of Blood
 That fill'd his Royal Veins;
 When he as Surety for thee stood,
 Thy Husband spar'd no Pains:
 His Cost immense was in thy Place,
 Thy Freedom cost his Thral;
 Thy Glory cost him deep Disgrace,
 Thy Husband pay'd for all.
 When Heav'n proclaimed War and Wrath,
 And Sin increast the Strife:
 By his Obedience unto Death
 Thy Husband bought thy Life:
 Strict Justice could not be appeas'd
 But on these worthy Terms,
 And all whose Hearts are therewith pleas'd
 Thy Husband hugs in's Arms:
 When Law condemns, and Justice too
 To Prison would thee hale,
 As Sureries kind for divers do,
 Thy Husband giveth Bail.
 55 God on these Terms is reconcil'd;
 Thou hast his Favour won:
 In Jesus Christ thou art his Child,
 Thy Husband is his Son.
 Judicial Wrath is all appeas'd,
 Thou needs not then be mov'd:
 Because in Christ he is well pleas'd,
 Thy Husband's his belov'd:
 Who can lay ought unto thy Charge,
 When God doth not condemn;
 Bills of Complaint tho' Foes enlarge,
 Thy Husband answers them.

When

When Fear thy guilty Mind confounds,
 Great Comfort this may yield,
 Thy Ransom-Bill with Blood and Wounds
 Thy Husband kind hath seal'd.
 His Promise is the fair Extract
 Thou hast at Hand to shew,
 Stern Justice can no more exact,
 Thy Husband gave its due.
 60 This doth thee more to God commend,
 And more Wrath's Clouds dispel,
 Than e'er thy Sins did him offend,
 Thy Husband vanquish'd Hell.
 When God seems for his broken Laws
 Against thee to proceed,
 Let Christ be Umpire of thy Cause,
 Thy Husband well can plead.
 He pleads his Righteousness which brought
 All Kents the Law could crave;
 Whate'er its Precepts, Threat'nings sought,
 Thy Husband wholly gave.
 Did Holiness in Precepts stand,
 And for Perfection call:
 Justice in Threat'nings Death demand?
 Thy Husband gave it all.
 His Blood the firey Law did quench,
 Its Summons need not fear,
 Tho't cite thee to Heav'n's awful Bench,
 Thy Husband's at the Bar.
 65 This Advocate hath much to say,
 His Clients need not fear:
 For God the Father hears him ay,
 Thy Husband hath his Ear.
 No Cause e'er failed in his Hands,
 So strong his Pleading is:
 The Father wills what he demands,
 Thy Husband's Will is his.
 Hell-Forces all may rendezvous,
 Accusers may combine:
 Yet fear not thou, who art his Spouse,
 Thy Husband's Cause is thine.
 By solemn Oath J E H O V A H did
 His Priesthood ratifie:
 Let Earth and Hell then counterplead,
 Thy Husband gains the Plea.

PART II. *The Believers Joynure.*

31

The cunning Serpent may accuse,
But never shall succeed;
The God of Peace will Satan bruisse,
Thy Husband brake his Head.
70 Hell Furies threaten to devour,
Like Bears rob'd of their Whelps;
But lo, in ev'ry per'lous Hour
Thy Husband always helps.
That feeble Faith may never fail,
Thine Advocate hath pray'd;
Tho' win'wing Tempests may assail,
Thy Husband is thine Aid.
Tho' blackest Trials should take Place;
and put thee to a Stand,
Thou may'st rejoice in ev'ry Case,
Thy Husband's Help at Hand.
When thou hast in Desertion dark,
No not a Star by Night:
Tho' in thy self thou hast no Spark,
Thy Husband is thy Light.
He, when he will, the Clouds doth rent,
Which do the Soul o'er-run:
For of the brightest Firmament,
Thy Husband is the Sun.
Without the Sun, who mourning go,
And scarce the Way can find:
He brings through Paths they did not know,
Thy Husband leads the blind.
75 Through Fire and Water he with Skill
Leads to a wealthy Land:
In darkest Depths then wait until
Thy Husband take thy Hand.
When Sin such sad Disorders brings,
As do thy Soul down weight,
Then mind how many crooked things
Thy Husband hath made straight.
Still look to him with longing Eyes,
Altho' thine Eyes should fail:
Cry, and at length, if not thy Cries,
Thy Husband shall prevail.
Still hope for Favour at his Hand,
Tho Favour don't appear,
When Help seems most aloof to stand,
Thy Husband is most near.

In Cases hopeless-like, thy Hopes
 May fail, when Fear anoints;
 But thou, when stript of earthly Props,
 Thy Husband most enjoys.
 80- If Providence the Promise thwart,
 And yet thy humbled Mind,
 'Gainst Hope, believes in Hope, thou art
 Thy Husband's dearest Friend.
 Art thou a Weakling poor and faint,
 In Jeopardy each Hour?
 Thy Weakness needs not move thy Complaint,
 Thy Husband hath all Pow'r.
 Dread not that Foes, which foil'd thee long,
 Will ruin thee at length;
 When thou art weak, then art thou strong,
 Thy Husband is thy Strength.
 When Foes are mighty, many too,
 Thou needs not therefore yield,
 Its not with thee they have to do,
 Thy Husband is thy Shield.
 Its hard to fight against a Host,
 Or strive against the Stream:
 But yet when all seems to be lost,
 Thy Husband doth redeem.
 85 Art thou by Lusts a Captive led,
 Which breeds thy greatest Grief:
 To save from Sin is just his Trade,
 Thy Husband's thy Relief.
 His Name is called J E S U S, why?
 Because he saves from Sin,
 Redemption Right he won't deny,
 Thy Husband's near of Kin.
 His Wounds have saved thee from Woes,
 His Blood from Vengeance screen'd,
 When Heav'n, and Hell, and all were Foes,
 Thy Husband was a Friend.
 And will thy Captain now look on,
 And see thee trampled down?
 Nay, lo thy Champion hath the Throne,
 Thy Husband wears the Crown.
 Then yield thou not, tho' Satan bribe,
 Or like a Lyon roar,
 The Lyon strong of Judah's Tribe
 Thy Husband's to the fore.

PART II. *The Believers Jointure.*

33

90 And that he never will forsake,
He did his Credit pawnd :
In hottest Broils then Courage take,
Thy Husband's at thy Hand.
No Storm needs put thee to a Strait,
Who dost his Aid invoke :
Fierce Winds may blow, proud Waves may beat,
Thy Husband is thy Rock.
Renounce thy own Abilitie,
Lean to his promis'd Might :
The Strength of *Isra'el* cannot lie,
Thy Husband's Pow'r is plight.
An awful Word doth here present,
Whoever think it odd !
In him thou art Omnipotent,
Thy Husband is a God.
Jehovah's Strength is in thy Head,
Which Faith may boldly scan,
God in thy Nature doth reside,
Thy Husband is a Man.
95 Thy Flesh is his, his Spirit thine,
Thus thou with him art one,
One Body, Spirit, Temple, Vine,
Thy Husband this doth own.
He Flesh and Blood assum'd, that you
Might close embrace each other :
He's not ashamed to avow
Thy Husband is thy Brother.
He bore the Cross, thy Crown to win ;
His Blood he freely spilt :
He that was Holy, was made Sin,
Thy Husband bore the Guilt.
O what a blest Exchange is this !
What Wisdom shines therein !
That thou might'st be made Righteousness
Thy Husband was made Sin.
The God of Joy, a Man of Grief,
Thy Sorrows to discuss ;
Pure Innocence hang'd like a Thief,
Thy Husband lov'd thee thus.
100 Bright Beauty had his Visage mar'd,
His comely Form abus'd ;
True Rest was from all Rest debar'd,
Thy Husband's Heel was bruis'd.

And

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The

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D 2

The

And

The God of Blessings was a Curse,
 The Lord of Lords a Drudge,
 The Heir of all things poor in Purse,
 Thy Husband did not grudge.
 The Judge of all condemned was,
 The God of Life ev'n dy'd;
 All Favour in thy woful Cause,
 Thy Husband was deny'd.
 O let thy Praises never cease
 To him, that e'er he came,
 To give himself a Sacrifice;
 Thy Husband is the Lamb.
 What wak'ned Vengeance could denounce,
 All round him did beset,
 And never left his Soul till once
 Thy Husband pay'd the Debt.
 105 Tho' still new Debt thou dost contract,
 And run in deep Arrears;
 Yet all thy Burden on his Back
 Thy Husband always bears.
 Thy Judge will never seek of thee
 Two Payments for one Debt;
 Thy Ransom's pay'd, and wholly free
 Thy Husband hath thee set.
 That thou might'st with no Vengeance meet,
 Thy Husband met with all;
 And, that thy Soul might drink the Sweet,
 Thy Husband drank the Gall.
 Thy Sins he nailed to the Tree,
 His Wound this Vertue hath:
 For that thy Soul to Sin might die
 Thy Husband suffer'd Death.
 Full Breasts of Joy he doth extend,
 Like to a kindly Nurse:
 And that the Blessing might be gain'd,
 Thy Husband was a Curse.
 110 That he might purchase all thy Good,
 All Evil him befell:
 To win thy Heav'n, with Streams of Blood
 Thy Husband quenched Hell.
 That God and Man might join in Band,
 This blessed DAYS-MAN doth
 Upon both Parties lay his Hand
 Thy Husband pleaseth both.

PART II. *The Believers Joynure.*

57

That Ransom which doth Justice please,
 And Law-Demands fulfil,
 Doth also guilty Conscience ease,
 Thy Husband hath such Skill.
 'Twixt thee and Wrath thy Friend stept in,
 As at thy Ruin sorry:
 His Grapling did thy Grandeur win,
 Thy Husband is thy Glory.
 Complete ~~Salvation~~ is obtain'd
 By his Humiliation, *Redemption*
 His Bondage hath thy Freedom gain'd,
 Thy Husband's thy Salvation.
 120 His Cross makes thee a crowned King,
 His Warfare ends thy Strife;
 His Poverty thy Wealth doth bring,
 Thy Husband's Death thy Life.
 When Deadness doth affect thee sore,
 And Dulness seize thy Heart:
 Rejoice in this, that Life in Store
 Thy Husband hath t' impart.
 And when, by Life convey'd, thou seems
 Establish'd as a Rock;
 Boast in the Fountain, not the Streams,
 Thy Husband is thy Stock.
 The Streams may take a various Turn,
 The Fountain ne'er removes;
 Let failing Streams ne'er make thee mourn,
 Thy Husband thus thee proves:
 That thou may'st when the Drops are gone,
 Joy in the spacious Sea:
 When Streams do fail, then still upon
 Thy Husband keep thine Eye.
 125 But can't thou Look, nor Aid implore,
 Oh, that's a dismal Hour;
 Yet, as thou can'st, cry, waiting for
 Thy Husband's Day of Pow'r.
 Tell him thy Sins prolong the Term,
 But yet Love can't delay,
 Thy Want, his Promise, all affirm
 Thy Husband must nor stay.
 He ever lives, thy Life to be
 Who mad'st him thy Refuge,
 And when he comes thou'lt joy to see
 Thy Husband shall be Judge.

Why should short Troubles thee annoy,
 Without, within, whatever:
 Life then, for ay, thou shalt enjoy,
 Thy Husband faileth never.
 Dear Soul, what will he not impart,
 That's for thy real Good?
 He gave his Love, he gave his Heart,
 Thy Husband gave his Blood.
 130 He gives himself, and what should more,
 What can he then refuse?
 If thou'rt not pleased with such Store,
 Thy Husband dost abuse.
 Earth's Fruit, Heav'n's Dew he won't deny,
 Thy Wealth can ne'er be told,
 Nought under or above the Sky,
 Thy Husband will withhold.
 Lose what thou wilt, since all is thine,
 Thou canst not be a Loser,
 For all things for thy Good combine,
 Thy Husband's the Disposer.
 If all this stay not thy Complaint,
 Thou dost complain of Ease,
 For having him, what canst thou want?
 Thy Husband may suffice.
 Thou'rt not put off with barren Leaves,
 Or Dung of earthly Pelf;
 More Wealth than Heav'n and Earth he gives,
 Thy Husband gives himself.
 135 From this thy Treasure thou mayst take,
 Wealth to the highest Pitch:
 The Gold of Ophir cannot make,
 Thy Husband makes thee rich.
 Some flying Gains do seek by Pains,
 And others by Extortion:
 Such Treasure fades, but thine remains,
 Thy Husband is thy Portion.
 Yea, thou his glorious Robes dost wear,
 O wonderful Preferment!
 Thy rich Attire Heav'n's may admire,
 Thy Husband is thy Garment.
 From Winter's Cold, from Summer's Sun
 This Robe doth hide thee over;
 From cool of Night, from heat of Noon,
 Thy Husband doth thee cover.

This

PART II. *The Believers Joynure.*

39

This Garment never waxeth old,
 It's new since *Adam's* Fall,
 And, always did his Saints infold;
 Thy Husband clad them all.
 140 He did this Mantle, which they wore,
 Out of his Bowels spin:
 That all the Praise for evermore
 Thy Husband dear might win.
 This Linnen makes thee white to be,
 Tho' stain'd with sinful Dirt;
 O bless his Name that e'er on thee
 Thy Husband spread his Skirt.
 Thy daily Food may make thee have
 The Countenance of *Hanna*:
 Thou on the Bread of Life dost live,
 Thy Husband is the Manna.
 What can he give, or thou desire,
 More than his Flesh and Blood?
 Let Angels wonder, Saints admire,
 Thy Husband is thy Food.
 That thou may'st be, through Strength of that,
 For Work and Warfare able,
 And Trials great, till thou be at
 Thy Husband's upper Table.
 145 Where little Drops, which now take Place,
 Are Oceans always new:
 To drink thy fill, and Pace to Face
 Thy Husband ever view.
 Good News, but says the drooping Bride,
 Ah, what's all this to me?
 Thou doubt'st thy Right, when Sins do hide
 Thy Husband's Face from thee.
 Thy sinful Weakness makes thee faint,
 And trembling, fear his Wrath:
 But harbour not thy groundless Complaint,
 Thy Husband Mercy hath.
 Oh, if I knew that he were mine,
 This would (says thou) give Ease;
 Tho' Wants abound, and Woes combine,
 Thy Husband would thee please.
 But up and down, and seldom clear,
 Made up of ins and outs;
 Thou art perplex't, yet do not fear,
 Thy Husband loves not Doubt.

130 Thy jealous unbelieving Heart
 Still droops, and knows not why:
 Then prove thy self, to ease thy Smart,
 Thy Husband bids thee try;
 The following Marks, if thou dost feel,
 They may discover clearly;
 That, be thy Failings what they will,
 Thy Husband loves thee dearly.
 Art thou content when he's away?
 Can Earth allay thy Pains?
 If Conscience speak, will it not say,
 Thy Husband's all thou wants?
 When he is near (tho' with his Cross)
 And thee with Comfort feeds,
 Dost thou not count the Earth as Dross,
 Thy Husband all thou needs?
 In Duties art thou pleas'd or pain'd,
 When he no Comfort speaks:
 And having him, think'st all is gain'd,
 Thy Husband all thou seeks?
 135 Tho' thou didst think, while *Sin* Mist,
 And Darkness compass thee;
 Thou wast undone, and glorious Christ
 Thy Husband ne'er would be,
 Yet can thy sweet Experience tell
 Of some more lightsome Story,
 How after this thou saw'st full well
 Thy Husband in his Glory?
 Didst thou such Grace, and Love behold,
 That then a heav'nly Art,
 With Hallelujahs high, extol'd
 Thy Husband in thy Heart?
 Then couldst thou wish'd all *Adam's Race*
 Had join'd with thee to gaze,
 That viewing all his comely Face,
 Thy Husband might get Praise?
 Art thou disjoin'd from other Lords,
 Divorced from the Law,
 While with most loving Gospel Cords
 Thy Husband doth thee draw!
 140 Art thou not made to see that all
 Thy Righteousness is naught
 But filthy Rags, through *Adam's Fall*,
 Thy Husband thus hath taught?

Do'st

Do'st see thy best Performances,
Deserve but Hell indeed?
And therefore thou renouncing these,
Thy Husband's Blood dost plead?
When thou art helped to address
That gracious Throne of his,
Dost find thy Strength and Righteousness
Thy Husband only is?
When thou dost to Performance win
With most enlarged Frame,
Is then thy whole Dependence on
Thy Husband's worthy Name?
Dost thou e'er pray with greatest Pith,
And yet renounce thy Good?
And wash, not with thy Tears, but with
Thy Husband's precious Blood?
165 Can no less give thy Conscience ease,
Nor please thy Heart, no less
Than that which Justice satisfies
Thy Husband's Righteousness?
Do'st see thy Works so stain'd with Sin,
That thou (through Grace) art moy'd
To seek Acceptance only in
Thy Husband, the Belov'd?
Dost thou remind that once a Day,
Free Grace did strengthen thee
To gift thy guilty Soul away,
Thy Husband's Bride to be?
Dost thou not mind a Day of Pow'r,
Wherein he broke thy Pride,
And gain'd thy Heart? O happy Hour!
Thy Husband caught the Bride,
He did thy Enmity subdue,
Thy Bondage sad recal;
And made thee chuse, and close pursue
Thy Husband, as thy All.
170 To sweetest Rest then didst thou win,
When once thou mad'st this Choice;
Thy very Heart was pleas'd, and in
Thy Husband did rejoice.
Dost say, I ne'er could him embrace,
Till he embrac'd me;
Nor ever see him, till his Face
Thy Husband shew'd to thee?

And

And dost thou find unto this Hour
 That this is still the Charm,
 Thou canst do nothing till with Pow'r
 Thy Husband shew his Arm?
 Do'st see that thou no Good can do
 By any Strength of thine,
 Until thy froward Heart thereto
 Thy Husband shall incline?
 But tho' thy Heart can hardly cling
 To any Good, do'st see
 That yet thou can'st do ev'ry thing,
 Thy Husband strength'ning thee?
 175 Do'st not alone at Duties fork,
 But foreign Aid enjoy,
 And still in ev'ry Piece of Work
 Thy Husband's Strength employ?
 Thy Motion heavenly is indeed,
 While thou by Faith dost move,
 And still in ev'ry time of Need
 Thy Husband's Grace improve.
 No common, nat'ral Faith can shew
 Its Divine Brood like this,
 Whose Author, and whose Object too
 Thy Husband only is.
 Dost thou by Faith on him depend,
 On him, not on thy Faith?
 If Faith the Saviourship pretend,
 Thy Husband lost it hath.
 None e'er were Saviours of themselves
 By Faith, or Grace of theirs;
 He that thus Nature's Garden delves,
 Thy Husband's Praise impairs.
 180 His Grace was never given that thou
 Should'st thus his Trade destroy,
 But that in all thou hast to do
 Thy Husband may'st employ.
 Do'st therefore thou to him alone
 Commit thy sinful Soul,
 Knowing that thy Salvation
 Thy Husband is in whole?
 Dost thou his Spirit's Conduct praise?
 And when compar'd to this,
 All worldly Wisdom dost despise?
 Thy Husband doth thee bless,

Take

PART II. *The Believers Joynure.*

63

Tak'st thou his Spirit for thy Guide,
Through *Baba's* Valley dry?
Whose Streams of Influences glide
Thy Husband's Garden by.
Dost thou dig Wells there, by his Power,
And find'st it not in vain,
While here a Drop, and there a Shower
Thy Husband down doth rain.
185 This makes thee through each weary Case,
From Strength to Strength to go,
From Faith to Faith, while Grace for Grace
Thy Husband doth bestow.
He who the good Work did begin,
Will finish't by his Strength,
Until thy weary Soul shall win
Thy Husband's Crown at length.
Sin works in thee, and can'st thou own
It's thy most grievous Smart?
Which makes thee sob and weep alone,
Thy Husband knows thy Heart?
Doth Love to him make thee distaste
Thy Lusts, with all their Charms,
And loath'st them most, when most thou hast
Thy Husband in thine Arms?
Are Cords of Love the sweetest Ties
To bind thee to thy Duty?
And best thou serves, when most thou splees
Thy Husband in his Beauty?
190 Did'st never thou thy Pardon read
In Tears of worldless Joy?
When Mercy made thy Heart to bleed
Thy Husband was not coy.
Doth not a Pardon melt thy Heart,
And most imbitter Sin?
And makes thee long with Dross to part,
Thy Husband's Throne to win?
When he doth thy Corruptions kill,
Or doth thy Sin destroy,
Doth Gladness then thy Spirit fill?
Thy Husband is thy Joy.
Dost thou his Person far embrace,
More than his Blessings all?
Blest Soul, thou may'st indeed, through Grace,
Thy Husband Jesus call.

What

What Company dost thou prefer,
 What Friends above the rest?
 Of all the Friends that ever were,
 Thy Husband is the best.
 195 Whom is't in Heav'n or Earth that thou
 Poor Soul, dost most desire,
 Is not thy Spark of Love, unto
 Thy Husband, set on Fire?
 Hast thou a Hatred to his Foes,
 And dost their Course decline;
 Lov'st thou his Saints, and dar'st suppose
 Thy Husband's Friends are thine?
 Dost thou their Talk and Walk esteem,
 When most divinely grave;
 And favour'st best, when most they seem
 Thy Husband's Spirit to have?
 Where go'st thou first, when in a Strait,
 Or when with Grief oppress?
 Fli'st thou to him, O happy Gate,
 Thy Husband is thy Rest.
 His Counsel in the Dark dost crave,
 And can'st not live without him?
 Wisdom to guide, and Strength to save
 Thy Husband hath about him.
 200 Can'st thou produce no pleasant Pawnd,
 Or Token of his Love?
 Won't Signets, Bracelets from his Hand
 Thy Husband's Kindness prove?
 Why, did he never send his Word,
 And heal thy Soul thereby?
 While Light and Life it did afford,
 Thy Husband then was nigh.
 Can't thou the pleasant Word forget
 He dropt into thy Heart?
 Such glad'ning Pow'r, and Love with it
 Thy Husband did impart?
 Dost thou not love his Dwelling-Place,
 And mak'st it thy Repair?
 Because thine Eyes have seen, through Grace,
 Thy Husband's Glory there?
 Lov'st thou his great appearing Day,
 And think'st on it with Joy?
 When Shadows all shall flee away,
 Thy Husband Death destroy?

PART II. *The Believers Jointure.*

65

205 Dost thou not long to see his Face
Within the higher Story,
Where Joy abounds, where of the Place
Thy Husband is the Glory?
Long'st to be free of ev'ry Fault,
And bid all Sin adieu?
Dost groan to be where still thou shalt
Thy Husband's Glory view?
Life, where it lives, Love where it loves
Desireth most to be,
Such Love-sick Longing plainly proves
Thy Husband longs for thee.
What is't that best can ease thy Plaine,
And make thy odds all even?
Is his Approach thy Heart's Content,
Thy Husband's Presence Heaven?
And when thou wantest this Relief,
Canst thou asseert full well,
His hiding is thy greatest Grief,
Thy Husband's Absence Hell?
210 Take thy Experience to Task,
If Conscience can say yea,
To all these Questions which I ask,
Thy Husband's thine for ay.
Do all these Marks belong to thee?
Then Soul fall to and praise
His glorious, worthy Name; for he
Thy Husband is always.
But yet perhaps thou dar'st not say
Thou hast the firm Impression
Of all these happy Signs, yet stay,
Thy Husband hath Compassion.
Tho' Darkness doth thy Light obscure,
And Storms defeat thy Calms,
Day yield to Night, and thou be poor,
Thy Husband yet hath Alms.
Dost see thy self an empty Brat,
A poor unworthy Thing?
With Heart upon the Dust laid flat,
Thy Husband there doth reign.
220 Art thou in thine own Eyes a Beast,
And dost thy self abhor?
The more thou dost thy self detest,
Thy Husband loves thee more.

Can

Can Hell breed no such wicked Elf,
 As Thou, in thine own Sight?
 Thou'lt got to see thy filthy Self
 Thy Husband's purest Light.
 Can't thou find Names so black, to tell
 Thy Heart's most foulsome Ware,
 But call'st thy Self a Lump of Hell?
 Thy Husband calls thee fair.
 When Visits from him make thee see
 He's precious, thou art vile,
 The Hand of God is then with thee,
 Thy Husband then doth smile.
 He knows what Visits suit thy State,
 And tho' most rare they be,
 It sets thee well on him to wait;
 Thy Husband waits on thee.
 225 Dost see thou art both poor and weak,
 And he both full and strong?
 O don't his kind Delays mistake,
 Thy Husband comes e'er long.
 Tho' while Mount *Sinai* Storms do stay
 Thou dread'st the dismal Blast,
 And fear'st thou art a Castaway,
 Thy Husband comes at last.
 Poor Soul, do'st grieve for want of Grace?
 And weep for want of Love?
 And Jesus seek'st? O hopeful Case,
 Thy Husband lives above.
 Dost thou regrave thou comes so short,
 And still to this aspires?
 There's Hope in *Isra'l* for thy Sort,
 Thy Husband thou desires.
 Can'st thou, whate'er should come of thee,
 Yet wish his *Zion* well,
 And joy in her Prosperity?
 Thy Husband loves thy Zeal.
 230 Dost thou admire his Love to some,
 Tho' thou should'st never share?
 Mercy to thee will also come,
 Thy Husband hath to spare.
 Art thou well pleas'd that sov'reign Grace
 For ever praised be?
 Thou art not in a hopeless Case,
 Thy Husband's pleas'd with thee.

Could'st

PART II. *The Believers Joynure.*

67

Could'st Love to be the Footstool low,
On which his Throne might rise,
And be exalted high? If so,
Thy Husband doth thee prize.
Think'st thou a Glance of his fair Face
Would cheer thee more than Wine?
It seems thou in his Heart hast Place,
Thy Husband Place in thine.
Is not his Word and Oath thy Stay?
His Blood thy daily Lavour?
And dost esteem 'bove Light of Day
Thy Husband's lightsome Favour?
235 Dost thou what's in the Creatures Womb
Count all but Loss and Dung,
For one sweet Word in Season, from
Thy Husband's learned Tongue?
Dost say, O how would I rejoice,
To know that he were mine?
Why, then it seems thou art his Choice,
Thy Husband he is thine.
Why doub'r'st his Love, and yet behold,
Thou would'st not with him part
For thousand, thousand Earths of Gold?
Thy Husband hath thy Heart.
Tho' Darkness, Deadness, Unbelief
Do all thy Soul attend,
More Light, Life, Faith and all Relief
Thy Husband hath to send.
Let not thy Wants annoy thee, then
May Faith take Comfort hence,
What Gifts he did receive for Men
Thy Husband will dispense.
240 He got them in exalted State,
For Rebels, such as thou;
Then all that's needful, good or great
Thy Husband will allow.
Thy Wants he sees, thy Cries he hears,
He notices thy Moans;
And in his Bottle keeps thy Tears,
Thy Husband knows thy Groans.
All thy Infirmities him touch,
He feeling hath of them;
He can do all, and will do much:
Thy Husband knows thy Frame.

In greatest Straits his Help will come,
 This is his common Way;
 Yea, mind what Help thou had'st, even from
 Thy Husband once a Day.
 Mind where he sweetly visit thee,
 Sometimes at Hermon Mount,
 At Jordan Land, at Mizra high;
 Thy Husband keeps the Count.
 245 Mind'st thou *Jehovah-Jireh*, where,
 Tho' Help on ev'ry Side
 Did fail thee, in thy Strait, yet there
 Thy Husband did provide?
 Dost thou *Jehovah-Shammah* mind?
 That Place of sweet Repair,
 Where thy long absent Lord didst find
 Thy Husband he was there.
 Dost thou *Jehovah-Nissi* know,
 Where tho' in dreadful manner
 Thy Foes assaulted thee, yet lo
 Thy Husband was thy Banner?
 When Plagues of Heart did breed thy Shame,
 And Creature Helps did fail,
Jehovah-Rophi was his Name,
 Thy Husband did thee heal.
 Dost mind on such a Spot of Land
 How thou with him didst meet,
 And how he got thy Heart and Hand?
 Thy Husband then was sweet.
 250 Dost mind the Garden, Chamber, Bank,
 A Vail of Vision was?
 Thy Joy was full, thy Heart was frank,
 Thy Husband by did pass.
 Mind'st such a Corner, such a Place
 A Bethel was to thee,
 A Peniel where Face to Face
 Thy Husband thou didst see?
 There did he clear thy reveal'd Cause,
 Thy Doubts and Fears destroy,
 He seal'd, and thou could'st seal'd he was
 Thy Husband with great Joy.
 Could'st thou not said it boldly then,
 And seal'd it with thy Blood?
 Yea, welcome Death with Pleasure when
 Thy Husband by thee stood?
 That

PART II. *The Believers Jointure.*

69

That Earth again should thee insnare,
 O how thy Heart was pain'd ;
 For all its fading Glory there,
 Thy Husband's Beauty stain'd.
 255 The Thoughts of living more in Sin
 Was then like Hell to thee,
 The Life of Heav'n did thus begin,
 Thy Husband set thee free.
 What e'er thou found'st him at thy best,
 He's at thy worst the same ;
 He in his Love will always rest :
 Thy Husband's Praise proclaim.
 Let Faith these Visits keep in store,
 When Sense the Blinks doth miss :
 The God of *Beibei*, as before,
 Thy Husband always is.
 In timing his Approaches nigh,
 He's infinitely wise :
 Hence frequently thy Heart thereby
 Thy Huband doth surprize.
 Perhaps a sudden Blink thee blest,
 While walking through the Street,
 Or on a Journey, e'er thou wist,
 Thy Husband did thee meet.
 260 In Hearing, Reading, Singing, Pray'r,
 When thou no Light could'st see,
 Thou found'st, or e'er thou wast aware,
 Thy Husband glance on thee.
 Don't of Heav'n's Gales too meanly think,
 For tho' thy Soul complains,
 They're but a short and passing Blink ;
 Thy Husband's Love remains.
 Think not, because he doth not stay,
 Thou dost his Favour lose ;
 O learn to know his sov'reign Way,
 Thy Husband comes and goes.
 Don't say he'll ne'er come back, altho'
 His Visits he adjourn,
 For yet a little While, and lo
 Thy Husband will return.
 Altho' in Duties thou may'st miss,
 Thy Soul's beloved One,
 Yet do not faint, for never is
 Thy Husband wholly gone.

E

265 Tho'

265 Tho' Satan, Sin, Earth, Hell at once
 Would of thy Joy thee reave,
 Mind, what he said he won't renounce,
 Thy Husband will not leave.
 Tho' Foes assail, and Friends do fail,
 Thou hast a good Relation;
 The Gates of Hell shall ne'er prevail,
 Thy Husband's thy Foundation.
 Take well howe'er his Wisdom may
 Thy present Lot dispose,
 Tho' Heav'n and Earth should pass away,
 Thy Husband cannot lose.
 All needful Help he will afford,
 Thou hast his Vow and Oath:
 And dar'st thou think he'll break his Word?
 Thy Husband will be loth.
 Fire can't thee burn, nor Water drown,
 His Promise this insures:
 He'll never let his Word fall down,
 Thy Husband's Truth endures.
 270 Dost thou no more his Word believe.
 Than mortal Man's; forsooth?
 O do not thus his Spirit grieve,
 Thy Husband is the Truth.
 Tho' thou both wicked art, and weak,
 His Word he'll never rue;
 Tho' Earth should tremble, Heav'n should quake,
 Thy Husband will be true.
I'll never leave thee, is his Vow,
 If Truth hath said the Word;
 While Truth is Truth, this Word is true,
 Thy Husband is the Lord.
 Thy Word a thousand Times may break,
 So fear'st he love not thee;
 But thousand, thousand Sins can't make
 Thy Husband once to lie.
 He visite will thy Sins with Strokes,
 And lay on thee his Hand;
 But yet his Word he ne'er revokes,
 Thy Husband's Truth will stand.
 275 Then think not that he's chang'd in Love,
 When thou art chang'd in Frame;
 Tho' thousand Changes should thee move,
 Thy Husband's ay the same.

PART II. *The Believers Joynure.*

71

He for thy Faults may smite thee sore,
 To let thee see thy Folly.
 By Falls he makes thee seek him more
 Thy Husband's Wife and Holy.
 Proud *Peter* in the Dirt of Vice
 Did fall exceeding low,
 His tow'ring Pride, by tumbling thrice,
 Thy Husband cufed fo:
 Before he suffer Pride, that swells,
 He'll drag thee through the Mine
 Of Sins, Temptations, little Hells.
 Thy Husband faves by Fire:
 He, in Affliction's Mortar, may
 Squife out Old *Adam's* Juice,
 Till thou return to him and fay,
 Thy Husband is thy Choice.
 280 Yet don't conclude, he thee difowns,
 When Trouble thee furrounds;
 These are his favourable Frowns,
 Thy Husband's healing Wounds.
 Nay, when he gives the deepeft Lash,
 Love leads the wounding Hand:
 His Stroke, when Sin hath got a Dash,
 Thy Husband will remand,
 His Love on Oath he doth declare,
 Hence thou shouldst Comfort gather,
 He thee Adopt, he made thee Heir,
 Thy Husband is thy Father.
 In him thou haft all Friends in ftore,
 Thy Friend will Help in Thral,
 Thy Brother much, the Father more,
 Thy Husband moft of all.
 All thefe and vastly more is he,
 Who doth all Friends excell:
 'Mong all the Husbands ere could be
 Thy Husband bears the Bell.
 285 Whence run the Streams of all thy Good
 But from his pierced Side?
 With liquid Gold of precious Blood
 Thy Husband bought his Bride.
 He bought thee with the deareft Price,
 O Praise him to thy Power,
 For of the upper *Paradise*
 Thy Husband is the Flower.

He is of Heav'n the comely Rose,
 His Beauty makes it fair;
 Heav'n were but Hell, couldst thou suppose
 Thy Husband were not there.
 He thither did in State ascend,
 His Spouse along to bring,
 That *Hallelujahs* without End
 Thy Husband's Bride might Sing.
 Yea there with him thou shalt be fixt,
 His Glory still to see.
 Nothing but Death is now betwixt
 Thy Husband's Throne and thee.
 290 He'll order Death, that Porter rude,
 To op' the Gates of Brass:
 For lo with Characters of Blood
 Thy Husband wrote thy Pass.
 Then fear thou not tho' *Jordan* deep
 Appear both thick and broad;
 Thy Sun will lead, thy Shield will keep:
 Thy Husband is thy God.
 He'll lead thee Safe and bring thee Home,
 And 'ay give prest down Measure:
 Even Grace while here, till Glory come.
 Thy Husband is thy Treasure.
 His Store, which answers ev'ry Bill,
 Thy Food and Raiment bought.
 Be at his Will, thou'lt have thy fill;
 Thy Husband wants for nought.
 What can thou, dare thou say thou lack'st
 His Store, his Power is thine,
 His liberal Heart to liberal Acts
 Thy Husband doth incline.
 295 What tho' on thee, that hast no Might,
 He should thy Task enlarge,
 Thy Work and Warfare needs not Fright;
 Thy Husband bears the Charge.
 Thou wouldst indeed thy self undoe
 When thou dost fall or stray;
 But he uplifts and leads thee too:
 Thy Husband is the Way.
 Of Light and Life, of Grace and Glore
 Thou art in him Partaker.
 Rejoice in him for ever more,
 Thy Husband is thy Maker.

PART II. *The Believers Jointure.* 73

He made thee, yea made thee his Bride,
 Not values thy Miscarriage,
 To what he made he'll still abide,
 Thy Husband made the Marriage,
 He made all, yea he made all thine,
 All to thee shall be given,
 Who can thy Kingdom undermine?
 Thy Husband made the Heaven.
 300 What earthly Thing can thee annoy
 He made the Earth to be.
 The Waters cannot thee destroy,
 Thy Husband made the Sea.
 In Tophet of the damn'd's resort
 Thy Soul shall never dwell,
 From thence thou needest fear no Hurt,
 Thy Husband formed Hell.
 Satan with Instruments of his
 May rage, yet dread no Evil,
 So far as he a Creature is,
 Thy Husband made the Devil.
 His black Temptations may Afflict,
 His fiery Darts annoy,
 But all his Works and hellish Trick
 Thy Husband doth destroy.
 Let Armies strong of earthly Gods
 Combine with hellish Ghosts
 To fright thee, fear not their Inroads,
 Thy Husband's Lord of Hosts.
 305 What can thee hurt, whom do'st thou fear?
 All Things are at his Call,
 Thy Maker is thy Husband dear,
 Thy Husband all in all.
 What do'st thou seek? What do'st thou want
 He'll thy Desires fulfill,
 He gave himself, what won't he grant?
 Thy Husband's at thy Will.
 The more thou do'st of him desire
 The more he loves to give.
 Let then thy Aims mount always higher,
 Thy Husband gives thee leave.
 The less thou seek'st, the less thou dost
 His Bounty set on hy,
 But highest Seekers here do most,
 Thy Husband glorify.

Would'st thou have Grace? Well, but its meet,

He should more Glory gain.

Would'st thou have Father, Son, and Spirit?

Thy Husband says AMEN.

320 He doth, even like a liberal God,

Devising liberal Things,

With royal Gifts his Subjects load:

Thy Husband's King of Kings.

No earthly Monarchs have such Store

As thou hast, ev'n in Hand:

But O how infinitely more

Thy Husband gives on Band!

Thou hast indeed the better Part,

Thou hast what faileth never,

Thy Husband's Hand, thy Husband's Heart,

Thy Husband's All for ever.

The End of the Poem on Isa. liv.





Gospel Canticles :

PART III.

The Believers Riddle :

O R,

The Mystery of FAITH.

The P R E F A C E.

R Eader, the following Enigmatick Song
 To wisest Naturalist doth not belong,
 Their Wisdom is but Folly, on this Head;
 Here ruminat they may, but cannot Read.
 For tho' they glance the Words, the Meaning choaks,
 They read the Lines but not the Paradox.
 The Matter doth (altho' the Phrase be blunt)
 Their quickest Intellectuals surmount,
 Great Wits may rouse their Fancies, rack their Brains,
 And after all their Labour, lose their Pains.
 Should they attempt an Explication Pat,
 Their wisest Comments were but witless Chat.
 No unregen'rat Mortals best Ingines
 Can right unriddle these few sorry Lines;
 Nor any proper Notions thereof reach;
 Tho' sublimated to the highest Stretch.

Master

Masters of Reason, plodding Men of Sense,
 Who scorn to mortify their vain Pretences,
 In this deep Mystery may plod their fill,
 & overscore the Top of all their Skill.
 The more they vainly think themselves 'bove it,
 The more it doth transcend their foolish Wit,
 These Sinners only who are Saints indeed,
 This Riddle in their Hearts can truly read:
 Yet weakest Saints may feel its truest Sense,
 In their most Bitter-Sweet Experience.
 Don't overlook it with a rambling View,
 And thus suppose it neither Good nor True.
 Let Heav'n's pure Oracles the Truth decide,
 Renounce it, if it can't that Test abide.
 Noble Bereans soon the Sense may hit,
 Who found the divine Depth of sacred Writ,
 Not by what airy, carnal Reason saith,
 But by the golden Line of Heav'n's pure Faith.
 Let not the naughty Verse make you disprove
 The mighty Matter which deserves your Love.
 The Subject treated may be most profound,
 Tho' Words may rattle with a rustick Sound.
 High Strains would spoil the Riddle's grand Intent,
 To teach the weakest, most illiterate Saint,
 That Mahanaim is his proper Name;
 In whom two struggling Hosts make bloody Game.
 That such may know whose Knowledge is but rude
 How Good consists with Ill, and Ill with Good.
 That Saints be neither at their worst nor best.
 Too much exalted, or too much depressed.
 This Paradox is fitted to disclose
 The Skill of Zion's Friends, above her Foes,
 That Wisdom's happy Fools may know their Sense,
 And Folly's wise Men, their gross Ignorance.
 In short, the Theme is calculated wholly
 That Fools may see their Wit, and Wits their Folly.
 Don't glance it overly like jargon vile,
 Because it's garnish'd with no tawdry Stile:
 Could th' Author aft the lofty Poet's Part,
 Who make their Sonnets soar on Wings of Art,
 He on this Theme had blush'd to use his Skill,
 And either clapt his Wings, or broke his Quill.
 Who this Enigma climbs such divine Heights,
 As scorn to be adorn'd with human Elights.

*These gaudy Strains would lovely Truths disgrace,
As purest paint deforms a comely Face,
Heav'n's Myst'rys are above Art's Ornament,
Immensely brighter than it's brightest Paint.*

*No towering Literature could ere outdo
The plainest Diction, fetch'd from sacred Wit,
By which all blazing Rhet'rick is outdone,
As twinkling Stars are by the radiant Sun.*

*The soaring Orators, who own with ease
Strain the Quintessence of Hyperboles,
And cloth the barest Theme with purest Dress,
Might here expatiate much, yet say the less.*

*These rustick Lines such golden Truths contain
As might be sullied by their gilded strain.
Reject not then a Jewel rare and prime,
Tho' wrapt up in the Rags of homely Rhime.*

*It's all a Contradiction, yet all true,
And happy Truth, if verifi'd in you.
Go forward then to read the Lines, but stay
To read the Riddle also, by the way.*

THE RIDDLE.

1. **M**Y Life is all a Mystery,
I am not what I seem to be.
What once I was, I am no more,
Yet still the same I was before.
My Head is lost, and yet is win;
I'm Fatherless, yet want no Kin.
My Kindred are not of one Mind,
I cruel Parents have, and Kind.
My Father poison'd me to Death.
My Mother's Hand will stop my Breath.
Her Womb which once my Substance gave
Will very quickly be my Grave.
My Sisters all my Flesh will eat,
My Brethren tread me under Feet.
My nearest Friends are most unkind,
My greatest Foe is most my Friend:

Who

Who did from Fend to Friendship pass,
 Yet never chang'd from what he was,
 He's both my Father and my Brother,
 He's all my Kin, yet I have other,
 My Father's Children are my Mother.
 10 I am divorc'd, yet marry'd still,
 With full Consent, yet 'gainst my will.
 My Husband's here, and yet he's gone,
 We differ much, and yet are one.
 I'm oft deserted by my Love,
 Who yet from me doth ne'er remove.
 He's one of Three, which three are One.
 He is a Creature, yet he's none;
 The Son of Man, yet no Man's Son.
 He's Omnipresent all may know,
 And yet he is not wholly so.
 15 His Manhood is not here and there,
 Yet he is God-man ev'ry where.
 He comes and goes, none can him Trace,
 Yet never doth he change his Place.
 Tho' he be good and every where,
 No good's in Hell and yet he's there.
 I by him, in him, chosen was,
 Yet of the Choice he's not the Cause.
 Tho' he was slain unrighteously
 To whom Death never could come nigh,
 Justice requir'd that he should die.
 20 With him I neither liv'd nor dy'd,
 And yet with him was crucify'd.
 Law Curses stopt his Breath, that he
 Might stop its Mouth from cursing me.
 Its now a thousand Years and more
 since Heav'n receiv'd him, yet I know
 When he ascended up on Hie
 To mount the Throne, even so did I:
 For tho' Earth's Dunghil I embrace,
 I sit with him in heavenly Place.
 25 I always Joy, yet mourn in Season;
 I weep, and yet I have no Reason.
 My Tears are bitter, yet most sweet;
 What makes me hungry is my Meat.
 I hunger now and thirst no more,
 Yet do it more then e'er before.

I'm full, and yet I'm empty still.
I'm crost, and yet I have my Will.
I'm here, and yet I am elsewhere:
My Life is neither here nor there.
30 I am not where all Men me see,
But where I never yet could be.
I'm full of Hell, yet part of Heaven.
I'm upright, and yet most uneven.
When I am low, then am I hie,
I shall not live, yet cannot die.
None can see God and live, but yet
By seeing God I life do get.
I live best when I see most bright,
Yet live by Faith and not by Sight:
35 I stand and yet I always fall,
I nothing have, and yet have all.
I'm lib'ral, yet have nought to spare.
I'm black like Hell, and yet I'm fair.
All sinful, yet I have no sin.
All spotted, and yet wholly clean.
All these that sin are of the Devil,
But I'm of God, and yet do Evil.
I seek my self incessantly,
Yet daily do my self deny.
40 I love my self for ever more,
Yet still I do my self abhor.
Tho' living in the World I be,
I'm dead to it and it to me.
I'm 'guileful like an Hypocrite,
Yet without guile an Israelite.
My Joy is endless, yet at best
Doth hardly for a Moment last:
The Work is great I'm call'd unto,
And yet I nothing have to do.
45 My Work is done, yet but beginning:
I'm freed from Sin, but not from sinning.
I clear my self from no Offence,
Yet wash mine Hands in Innocence:
Tho' God be angry at my Sin,
Yet Anger ne'er affected him:
And tho' oft-times displeas'd he be,
Yet he is always pleas'd with me.
Even when his Anger burns like Fire,
Yet therein is no spark of Ire,

50 Triumphant is my constant Trade,
 Yet oft I am a Captive led.
 My bloody War doth never cease,
 And yet I have a constant Peace.
 My Foes defeat me ev'ry Way,
 And yet they never gain the Day.
 My Battels whether lost or win
 Were gain'd before they were begun.
 With Trouble I am still oppress'd,
 While yet I never want my Rest.

55 I'm pinch'd and yet I have no scant,
 I'm poor and yet I never want.
 I'm free and yet I am confin'd,
 I see and yet I'm very blind,
 I'm lost, and yet I'm safely found.
 I'm heal'd and yet my Plagues abound.
 For all my Sins my Heart is sad,
 Since God's dishonour'd; yet I'm glad,
 Tho' once I was a Slave to sin,
 Since God doth thereby Glory win.

60 My Sins are always in his Eye,
 And yet he sees no Sin in me.
 He never can forget the same,
 And yet no more remembers them.
 Sin for my good doth work and win,
 Yet 'tis not good for me to sin.
 Because my Sins are great, I feel
 Great Fears of Wrath, and yet I still
 For Mercy seek, for Pardon wait,
 Because my Sins are very great.

65 Like Bee and Wasp I manage still,
 Suck Ill from good, and Good from Ill:
 Humil'ty makes my Pride to grow,
 And yet my Pride doth lay me low.
 My standing doth my Fall procure,
 My falling makes me stand more sure.
 My Poyson doth my Physick prove,
 My Enmity provokes my Love.
 My Poverty doth breed my Wealth.
 My Sicknes doth increase my Health.

70 My Hardness tends to make me soft.
 And killing Things do cure me oft.
 While high Attainments cast me down,
 My deepest Plunges raise me soon.

My best Things oft have Evil brood,
While yet my worst Things do me good:
My inward Poes which me alarm,
They do me hurt, and yet no harm.
They ne'er did good, and yet I see
They make me to my Good to flee:
75 They reach to me a deadly Stroke,
Yet send me to my living Rock:
They make me long for Canaan's Banks,
And yet I give them little Thanks.
I Travel, yet I'm fixtly plac'd,
I run, and yet I don't make haste.
I take a Way both old and new,
My Way to me the Way doth shew.
My Way is that to which I tend,
My very Way's my Journeys end,
80 The Way 'is streight, yet full of Depths:
I keep the Way, the Way me keeps.
Tho' high and out of Sight it be,
I'm in the Way, the Way's in me.
When I'm in Company I groan,
Because I then am most alone:
Yet in my closest Secrecy,
I'm joyful in my Company.
I'm heard afar, yet make no Noise,
I cry, and never lift my Voice.
85 I'm heard when Answer comes, and yet
I'm heard when I no Answer get.
Oft find I what I sought much for,
Yet finding makes me seek the more.
My fervent Prayers ne'er prevail'd,
And yet their Prevalence ne'er fail'd.
I move still in Devotion's Sphere,
Yet scarce an Hour to Good adhere.
My sweetest Health doth Sickness prove:
When Love me heals, I'm sick of Love.
90 I'm school'd, tho' never at a School;
I'm wise, and yet a nat'ral Fool.
I'm rich, and yet my Stock is spent.
I'm weak, and yet Omnipotent.
I hope, even when I do despair,
I tremble, when I have no Fear.
Pardons dispel my Griefs and Bears,
And yet dissolve my Heart in Tears.

I'm merry, ev'n when I am sad :
 I'm full of Sorrow, when I'm glad.
 95 I'm most at Home, when in Exile.
 Most precious, when I am most vile.
 Above great Men I'm great and high,
 Yet none so low and vile as I.
 My Nature loves him well, whom yet
 My Nature also still doth hate.
 I see him whom I never saw :
 Serve without Fear, and yet with Aw.
 Love perfect doth all Fear remove,
 Yet most I fear, when most I love.
 100 I'm bound to love my Friends, and yet
 I Sin unless I do them hate.
 I am oblig'd to hate my Foes,
 Yet bound to love and pray for those.
 To some I perfect Hatred bear,
 Yet keep the Law of Love entire.
 Heart-love to Men I'm call'd t'impart;
 And yet God calls for all my Heart.
 All Things are lawful unto me ;
 Yet many Things unlawful be.
 105 My Heart is false, and yet it's true.
 My Name's the same, and yet it's new.
 No new Thing is beneath the Sun,
 Yet all is new, and old Things gone :
 When all I lost, I all did win.
 I do no ill, and yet I sin.
 My Case is plain and yet involv'd.
 My Sin's condemn'd, my Soul absolv'd.
 My Guilt and Sins all punishr be,
 Yet I the guilty Wretch go free.
 110 Tho' in my Flesh dwells no good Thing,
 Yet therein G O D himself doth Reign.
 That still I sin I can't deny ;
 And yet can say, it is not I.
 Tho' fain I'd be the greatest Saint,
 To be the least I'd be content.
 I still have Ease, yet constant Strife.
 Life is my Death, Death is my Life.
 I'm up and down, I come and go :
 Still fixt, yet always to and fro.
 115 My Lowness doth my height evince ;
 I am a Beggar and a Prince :

PART III. *The Believers Riddle.*

83

A King that do a Scepter sway,
And yet a Subject every way.
I'm great and mean, I'm high and low,
A Captive and a free Man too.
(Tho' I'm not worth one Grain of Dust,
Ten Worlds can't my Price adjust.
Tho' worthless I my self Indite,
Yet shall, as worthy, walk in White.
120 All Pardon, that I need, I have,
And yet need daily Pardon crave.
The Law's Arrest keeps me in Aw,
And yet 'gainst me there is no Law.
For tho' I be (as well I know,)
A Debtor, yet I nothing owe.
My Creditor hath nought to say,
And yet I ne'er had ought to pay.
He freely pardon'd ev'ry Mite.
And yet would not a Farthing quite.
125 All Good that ever came to me,
Is dearly bought, yet wholly free.
Tho' Truth doth still my Ruin crave,
Truth stands engaged me to save.
My whole Salvation comes by this,
Even Truth and Mercy's mutual Kiss.
Law-breakers ne'er it's Curses mist,
But I ne'er kept it, yet am blest.
I can't be justify'd by it,
And yet it can't but me acquit.
130 I'm not oblig'd to keep it more,
Yet more oblig'd then e'er before.
By perfect doing Life I find,
Yet *do* and *live* doth not me bind.
These Terms no Change can undergo,
And yet are sweetly chang'd I know.
My *DOING* caus'd my *LIFE*, but now
I see my *LIFE* doth cause me *DO*.
Tho' Works of Righteousness I store,
Yet Righteousness of Works I abhor.
135 I unto Duties strice to be,
Yet out of them I'm bound to flee.
Tho' Merit I renounce with Shame,
Yet Right to all by Merit claim.
Merit of perfect Righteousness
I never had, yet never miss:

On this Condition I have all,
 Yet all is unconditional.
 Tho' freest Mercy I implore,
 Yet I am safe on Justice score.
 140 Tho' Justice can't the Guilty free,
 Yet Justice clearerth guilty Me.
 The Man that makes my Freedom just,
 Is G O D, who needs not do't, yet must:
 He is my Hope, I am his Trust.
 He pay'd the Debt that is well known
 To be all mine, yet all his own.
 Hence tho' I ne'er had more or less
 Of Justice pleading Righteousness,
 Yet such a Righteousness I have,
 As Justice could no better crave:
 145 And did my Judge much more Appease,
 Then e'er my Sins did him Displease.
 Here ev'ry divine Property
 Is to the highest set on high;
 Yea Justice can't be pleas'd so well
 By all the Torments born in Hell:
 Full Satisfaction here is such,
 As Hell can never yield so much:
 Tho' Justice therefore might me damn,
 Yet by more Justice sav'd I am.
 150 My Peace and Safety lyes in this,
 My Creditor my Surety is.
 He is my Judge, yet ne'ertheless
 My Judge is even my Righteousness.
 Because I wanted Price he knew,
 He paid the Debt unto him due.
 He satisfy'd himself for me,
 When he did Justice satisfy.
 He to the Law, tho' Lord of it,
 Did most obediently submit.
 155 He never broke it, yet must die.
 I ne'er it kept, yet live must I:
 For tho' it me condemn at large,
 It can lay nothing to my Charge.
 The Law, which him its Keeper kill'd,
 In me its breaker is fulfill'd.
 Yea magnify'd and honour'd more,
 Then Sin deface't it e'er before:

Hence

PART III. *The Believers Riddle.*

85

Hence tho' my Judge hath ground I see
 And Reason for condemning me,
 He hath more ground to justify,
 160 But tho' he freely he remit,
 Yet I my self can ne'er acquit.
 My Judge condemns me not; I grant;
 Yet justify my self I can't.
 From him I have a Pardon got,
 And yet my self I pardon not.
 Tho' I from him Forgiveness have,
 I never yet my self forgave.
 The more that he's to me appeas'd,
 The more I'm with my self displeas'd.
 165 The more that I'm absolv'd by him,
 The more I do my self condemn.
 Tho' he in righteous Judgment tell,
 That justly I in Heaven must dwell,
 Yet I adjudge my self to Hell:
 Yet still I to his Judgment agree,
 And clear him for absolving me.
 He cleareth me, and I him clear:
 I justify my Justifyer.
 Let him condemn or justify,
 From all Injustice I him free:
 170 His Will and mine agree full well,
 Yet disagree, like Heav'n and Hell.
 His Nature's mine, and mine is his;
 Yet so was never that nor this.
 I him embrace most heartily,
 Yes ne'er had Arms to reach so high:
 When I embrace him still I see,
 It's only his embracing me.
 I do according to his Call,
 And yet not I, but he doth all.
 175 His coming to me makes me do,
 I know he comes, yet know not how.
 I know him and his Name, yet own
 He and his Name can ne'er be known.
 I keep his Laws, yet always swerve,
 Serve him, yet never could him serve.
 I have no Good but what he gave,
 Yet he commends the Good I have.
 And tho' my Good to him ascends,
 My Goodness to him ne'er extends.

180 I take hold of his Covenant,
 Yet it takes hold of me, (I grant:)
 I'm bound to keep it, yet I
 It's bound to keep and care for me.
 Tho' one my Part, it cannot last,
 Yet on both sides it standeth fast.
 I break my Bonds at ev'ry Shock,
 And yet the Bargain can't be broke.
 I yield obedience ev'ry Day,
 And yet I daily disobey.

185 I'm an imperfect perfect Man,
 That can do all, yet nothing can,
 It's Day with me, and yet it's Night.
 I am all wrong, and yet all right:
 Careful in ev'ry Thing, and yet
 Careful for Nothing, small or great:
 I'm most secure, yet most expos'd.
 An open Field, and yet inclos'd:
 My pleasant Fruits wild Boars have mar'd,
 Yet still I am a Garden bar'd.

190 A Stranger ev'n where all me know,
 A Pilgrim, yet I no where go.
 I trade abroad, yet stay at Home:
 My Tabernacle is my Tomb.
 I can be prison'd, yet abroad;
 Bound Hand and Foot, yet walk with God.
 Temptations breed me much Annoy,
 Yet diverse such I count all Joy.
 On Earth I see Confusions reel,
 Yet Wisdom ord'ring all Things well.
 195 I sleep, yet have a waking Ear,
 I'm very deaf, yet well I hear.

I'm Dumb, yet *Shibboleth* pronounce.
 I'm born again, yet born but once.
 I'm wet and dry, I'm hot and cold.
 I'm tim'rous, yet a Lyon bold.
 I'm black and lovely, dim and bright:
 Immortal, yet a mortal Wight.

I like a Stone do sink and pore,
 Yet like an Eagle wing'd I soar.
 200 To Heav'n I flee, to Earth I tend.
 Grow better still, yet never mend.
 My Heav'n is sure to me, and yet
 I am but seldom sure of it.

PART III. *The Believers Riddle.*

87

My Life appears in open View,
Yet is most hid, and known to Few.
My Friends that see me whence I came,
Yet know not whence nor where I am.

I live in Earth which is not odd,
But lo, I also live in God.

205 Who tho' he ne'er had Flesh and Blood,
Yet hath them both to be my Food.

And tho' I ne'er did taste such Meat,
Yet still this to my taste is sweet.
Tho' other Things my Life preserve,
Yet without this, my Life would starve.

I live what others live upon,
Yet live I not by Bread alone;
But Food which suits my Taste and Mind:

I live on Words, yet not on Wind.

210 I'm no Anthropomorphic Brood,
Yet live on humane Flesh and Blood:

Yet still my Food is all Divine,
On which I feast, and yet I pine:

My Leanness, Leanness, ah, I cry,

Yet Fat and full of Sap am I.

Chamelion like and Salamander,

In Air and Fire I live and wander;

As each amphibious Creature doth,

I live in Land and Water both.

215 I live above, and yet below;

I upward move, yet downward grow.

I'm prone to Good, yet bent to ill;

A Saint, and yet unholy still.

To Duty seldom I adhere,

Yet to the End I persevere.

I die and rot beneath the Clod,

220 Yet live, and reign as long as God.

C O N C L U S I O N.

Here is the Riddle in your sight,

But where's the Man can read it right;

To read it is to know its Sense,

In sad and sweet Experience.

Great Saints indeed we may them call

Whose Heart Experience grasps it all.

And these who hardly can it trace,

Seem yet at best, but Babes in Grace,

But those who not at all can read,

Strangers in Israel are indeed.

Gospel

Gospel Canticles :

P A R T . I V .

The Believers Lodging, and Inn while on Earth.

O R

A Poem and Paraphrase upom P S A L M lxxxiv.

Verse 1. *How amiable are thy Tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts.*

JEHOVAH, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Sole Monarch of the universal Host;
Whom the attendant Armies still revere,
Which with bright Robes surround the heavenly Sphere
Whose sov'raign Arm doth sway the hellish Band
Of ranked Legions, in th' infernal Land:
Who hold'st the Earth at thy unival'd Beck,
And stay'st proud Forces with a humbling Check:
Ev'n thou whose Name commands an awful Dread;
Yet dains to dwell with Man, in very Deed.
O what Refreshment fills the dwelling Place
Of thy Exuberant, unbounded Grace!
Which, with sweet Pow'r, doth joy and praise Extort
In Zion's Tents, thy ever lov'd Resort:
Where glad'ning Streams of Mercy from above
Make Souls brim-full of sweet, seraphick Love.
Of sweetest Odours all thy Garment smells,
Thy dismal Absence proves a thousand Hells,
But Heav'n's of Joy are where thine Honour dwells. }

Verse 2. *My Soul longeth, yea even fainteth for the Courts of the Lord: My Heart and my Flesh cryeth out for the living God.*

Therefore on thee I center my Desire,
Which veh'emently bursts out in ardent Fire.

Deprived

PART IV. *The Believers Lodging, &c.*

39

Deprived I, do languish in my Plaint,
My Bones are feeble and my Spirits faint,
My longing Soul doth pant to see again
Thy Temple filled with thy glorious Train:
These Palaces, with heav'nly Odours strew'd,
And regal Courts, where Zion's King is view'd:
To see the Beauty of the highest One,
Upon his holy Mount and lofty Throne;
Whence Vertue runneth to revive the Dead,
Still streaming from the ever-living Head.
My Heart's repeated cry for God doth sound,
To which my Flesh in Echoes doth rebound,
For him, for him, who Life in Death can give,
For him, for him, whose sole Prerogative
Is from and to Eternity to live,

Verse 3. *Tea. the Sparrow hath found an House, and the Swallow a Nest for her self, where she may lay her young, even shine Altars, O Lord of Hosts my King, and my God.*

Alas! how from thy lovely Dwellings I
Long banisht do the happy Birds envy,
Which chusing thy high Altars for their Nest,
On Rafter's of thy Tabernacle Rest:
Here dwells the Sparrow, of a chirping Tongue,
And here the Swallow lays her tender Young:
Faint Sacrilege! they seize the sacred Spot,
And seem to glory o'er my absent Lot;
Yet sure I have more special Right to thee,
Then all the brutal Hosts of Earth and Sea:
That Sov'reign at whose Government they bow.
Is wholly mine, by his eternal Vow:
My King to rule my Heart, and quell my Foes,
My God t' extract my well from present Woes,
And Crown with endless Glory at the close.

Verse 4. *Blessed are they that dwell in thy House: They will be still praising thee.*

O happy they that haunt thy House below,
And to thy royal Sanctuary flow:
Not for it self, but for the glorious One
Who there inhabits his erected Throne.
Others pass by, but here there dwelling is,
O happy People crown'd with Bays of Bless:
Blest with the splendid Lustre of thy Face,
Blest with the high, melodious sound of Grace,

That wak'neth Souls into a sweet Amaze,
 And turns their Spirits to a Harp of Praise;
 Which loudly makes this lower Temple ring
 With Hallelujahs, to the mighty King:
 And thus they antedate the glorious Song
 Of that celestial and triumphant Throng,
 Who warble Notes of Praise, Eternity along.

Verse 5. *Blessed is the Man whose Strength is in thee.*
 What Weights of Bless their happy Shoulders load,
 Whose Strength lies treasur'd in a potent God:
 Self drained Souls, yet flowing to the brim,
 Because void in themselves, but full in him.
 The primar Adam spent their Stock of Strength,
 The second did retrieve their Sum at length;
 Who keeps't himself, a surer Hand indeed,
 To give not as they list, but as they need.
 When furious Foes do threaten sudden Harms,
 He then extends his everlasting Arms.
 When Satan driveth his invenom'd Darts,
 He gives them Courage and undaunted Hearts,
 To quell his Fury with a divine Skill.
 Hence comes their Strength to do their Sov'reign's Will.
 When sore harraßt by some outragious Lust,
 He, levelling it's Pow'r unto the Dust,
 Makes Saints to own him worthy of their Trust.

Verse 6. *In whose Hearts are the Ways of them, who passing through the Valley of Baca, make it a Well; the Rain also fill it the Fools.*

Such Heav'n-born Souls are not to Earth confin'd,
 Truth's high Way fills their elevated Mind:
 They, bound for Zion, Travel to the same
 As Israel's Males to old Jerusalem.
 Their holy Path lies through a parched Land,
 Through Oppositions numerous and grand.
 Traversing scorched Desarts, ragged Rocks,
 And Baca's wither'd Vale, like thirsty Flocks;
 Yet with unshaken Vigour home-ward go,
 Not mov'd by all opposing Harms below.
 They digging Wells on this Gilboa Top,
 The Vale of Achor, yields a Door of Hope;
 For Heav'n in Plenty doth their Labour crown,
 By making silver Show'rs to trickle down:
 Till empty Pools imbibe a pleasant Fill,
 And weary Souls are heartn'd up the Hill,
 By massy Drops of Joy, which down distil,

Verse 7. They go from Strength to Strength, every one of them appeareth in Zion before God.

Thus they, refreshed by superiour Aid,
Are not defatigated, nor dismay'd,
Because they are, O Truth of awful Dread!
As strong as great *Jehovah*, in their Head:
Hence they shall travel with triumphant Minds,
In spite of ragged Paths and boisterous Winds.
The roughest Ways make not their Strength the less.
Each new Assault their Vigour doth increase.
When they through mortal Blows, seem to give o'er,
Their Strength, but intermitting, gathers more:
And thus they with unweary'd Zeal endu'd,
Still as they journey have their Strength renew'd.
So glorious is the Race, that once begun,
Each one doth strive his Fellow to outrun:
Till all uniting in a glorious Band,
Before the royal Throne of God shall stand,
And Hark his glorious Praise, in *Zion Land*. }

Verse 8. O Lord God of Hosts, hear my Prayer: Give Ear, O God of Jacob,

Great God of numerous Hosts, who reigns alone
The sole Possessor of th' imperial Throne,
Since mental Tastes of thy delicious Grace
So sweetly Relish in thy holy Place:
This is the Subject of my tabled Pray'r
To have the Vision of thy Glory there.
O let my Cry pierce the ethereal Frame,
And Mercy's Echo follow down the same.
Omniscient Being, favour my Desire,
Hide not thy Goodness in paternal Ire:
Why, thou hast given in an eternal Band
To *Jacob* and his Seed, thy royal Hand,
And promist by thy sacred Deity
His King and covenant'd God to be:
Therefore my Hopes are center'd all on thee, }

Verse 9. Behold O God our Shield, and look upon the Face of thine Anointed.

Omnipotent, whose Armour none can Wield,
Zion's great Buckler and defensive Shield;

Thy

Thy pure, untainted Eyes cannot behold
 Deformed Mortals in their sinful Mold:
 Unless their Names be graved on the Breast
 Of Zion's holy, consecrated Priest:
 When they his white and glorious Robe do wear,
 Then Sin and Guilt doth wholly disappear:
 Because o'erwhelmed in the crimson Flood
 And Ocean, of a dying Surety's Blood.
 They now, invested with his radiant Grace,
 Reflect the Lustre of his holy Face:
 They're not themselves now, but divinely trim,
 For wholly, what they are, they are in him:
 And hence Jehovah's all discerning Eye,
 Cannot in them espy Deformity:
 Then look on him Lord, and in him on me:

Verse 10. *For a Day in thy Courts is better than a Thousand:
 I had rather be a Door-keeper in the House of my God, than
 dwell in the Tents of Wickedness.*

May I possess, as thy domestick Child,
 The House, that by Jehovah's Name is stild:
 For royal Glories deck these Courts of thine,
 Which with majestick Rays, so brightly Shine;
 That should my Mind present an Earth of Gold,
 As full of humane Joys as Man can hold,
 Yet Grace so fills thy House, I'd grudge to spare
 One Minute here, for thousand Ages there.
 No earthly Object shall my Love confine.
 That Being which possesseth All, is mine:
 Therefore my Spirit rather would embrace
 The meanest Office in his holy Place,
 And ly the Threshold of his House within,
 Then sit in Splendor on a Throne of Sin:
 Yea tho' my Lamp of outward Peace should burn
 Most brightly, yet I would incessant mourn,
 While in a wicked Meshech I sojourn.

Verse 11. *For the Lord God is a Sun and a Shield: He will
 give Grace and Glory; and no good Thing will he withhold
 from them that walk uprightly.*

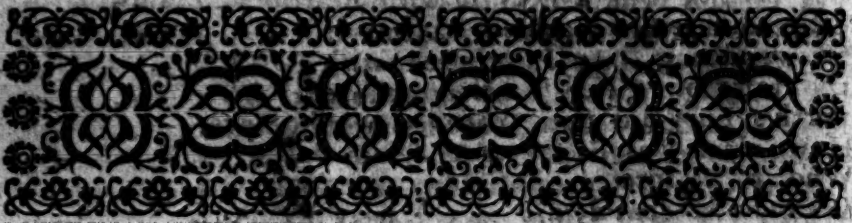
For God the Lord, whose Courts I love to haunt,
 Is ev'ry thing that empty Souls can want:
 A Sun for Light, a Shield for Strength; yea more,
 In Earth he gives his Grace, in Heav'n his Glore:

This

This radiant Sun, of Light and Life the Source,
Doth scatter Shades by's circumambient Course;
Yea Guides bemistd Souls with heartsome Beams,
And gloriously irradiating Gleams:
This massy Shield is burnished with Pow'r
For helping Weaklings in a perious Hour.
Here's all that weary Travellers would have,
A Sun to cherish, and a Shield to save.
He giveth also Grace t' adorn the Soul,
Which yields to Glory in the heav'nly Pole.
All divine Treasure to the Saint is due,
Nothing's deny'd, if Truth it self be true.
The Treasure is so vast it can't be told,
Nothing that God can give, will God withhold.
To whom he doth his saving Grace impart,
To them he gives himself, his Hand, his Heart.
Integrity of Heart and Life doth fall
Unto their Share, who, having him, have all:
In them, the Grace he gives, he still regards,
Gives Holiness, and then his Gift rewards.
For Persons upright of the divine Brood,
He's bound to grant them all that's great and good, }
By's own sure Word, firm Oath and sacred Blood.

Verse 12. *O Lord God of Hosts, blessed is the Man that trusteth in thee.*

O then *Jehovah*, God of Armies strong,
To whom the Pow'rs of Earth and Heav'n belong,
How vastly blessed is the fixed Man,
Who, by a firm, fiducial Boldness, can,
Through Grace and Strength dispensed from above,
So sweetly scan the height of divine Love,
As to derive his Comfort wholly thence;
And on this Rock to found his Confidence.
Whose Faith hath reared, for a firm Abode,
A Stable building on a living God.
Who spoil'd of humane Props, both great and small,
Do chuse a triun Diery for all.
What Scoles of Bless' are in this All inroll'd
Is too sublime for Angels to unfold:
Sift humane Skill then, in a deep Amaze,
Let rapid Floods of Life his Glory raise,
Till Time be drown'd into eternal Praise.



Gospel Canticles :

P A R T V.

The Believers Soliloquy,

*Especially when, in Desertion and Affliction, complaining
of his own evil Heart, and longing to be above, where
he shall sin no more, &c.*

OH weary Soul, what can afford
Contentment, when an absent Lord
Denies to send a Line of Love,
Or pleasant Message from Above?
What Heart can joy, what Soul can sing,
When Winter overruns the Spring?
Sad Case, yet can I not condole,
Lord save a dying, drooping Soul.
Oh, if thou wilt not come and stay,
My Soul in Sin will pine away.
In Sin (whose ill no Tongue can tell)
To live is Death, to die is Hell.
If free from Thral I cannot win,
Yet save me Lord at least from Sin.
This, for thy Glory's sake, I urge,
And for his sake whose Blood doth purge :

Christ

PART V. *The Believers Soliloquy.*

93

Christ came from Rank of glorious Quires,
 From heav'nly Flow'rs, to earthly Briars.
 Our Sampson took a holy Nap,
 Upon our feeble Nature's Lap.
 He wand'ring in a Pilgrim's Weed,
 Did taste our Grievs to help our Need.
 Earth's Fury did upon them light:
 How black was *Harod's* cruel spight?
 Who, to be sure of murdering One,
 Least he be spar'd, did pity None.
 Hell hunts the Babe a few Days old,
 Which came to rattle *Sathan's* Fold.
 He, only he, Salvation hath
 Whom Heav'n and Hell pursu'd to Death.
 O Sin, how heavy is thy Weight?
 Which press't the glorious God of Might.
 His Hand the World's Globe doth prop,
 This Weight ne'er made him sweat a drop.
 But when the Load of Sin is found,
 It prest his Body to the Ground.
 Alas! if God sink under Sin,
 How shall the Man that dies therein?
 Lord let thy Fall my Rise obtain,
 And let thy Shame my Glory gain.
 My Soul must have a draught of Love,
 Or take me hence to drink above.
 There let my Grievs be swallow'd up,
 For *Mora's* Gall here fills my Cup.
 Love here is scarce a faint Desire,
 But there it is a flaming Fire.
 My Life while here is scarce a Motion,
 But there my Drop shall be an Ocean.
 My Light with Darkness here's undone,
 But there the Sparks a radiant Sun.
 My Hope is here a weary Groan,
 But their Fruition gets the Throne.
 To Freedom here doth Bondage cling,
 But there the Captive is a King.
 Grace here is like a burid Seed,
 But Sinners there are Saints indeed.
 My Portion's here a Crumb at best,
 But there's the Lamb's eternal Feast.
 To praise I fain would here aspire,
 But there I'll sing and never tire.
 Dark Shadows here do cloud my Day,
 But there all Shadows flee away.

My

My Foes while here do beat me down,
But there my Head shall wear the Crown;
Yet all the Revenues I'll bring
To Zion's everlasting King.

What means this wicked, wand'ring Heart?
This trembling of my Soul?

Would my Physician but impart

A touch, t' would make me whole.

But will he heal my wretched Case

Who justly did withdraw

From me, that slighted all his Grace,

My past Experience saw.

Oh, for thy Promise Sake, return,

Apply thy cleansing Blood,

Look down with pity on a Worm;

Free Mercy do me Good.

When thou thy Word of Pow'r applies

And kindly says thou'rt mine,

My faithless, sinking Heart replies

I wish I could be thine.

My Faith is bury'd under Doubts,

Which casts my Good away,

I lose, by raising vain Disputes,

The blessing of the Day.

'Twas not because no Show'rs did flow

Of Manna at my Door:

But by my Folly, I'm into

A worse Case than before.

Lord come with greater Pow'r for why,

Mine's not a common Case:

When thou wouldst shine, yet scarce do I

Incline to see thy Face.

Such faint Desire to mend mine Ill

I have within my Heart,

I should, I would, but that I will

I hardly dare assert.

O to be free of that base Wrack,

That keeps me from my God

I fly from thee, Lord bring me back

By Love, or by thy Rod.

Was ere one pierc'd with such a Dart?

Was ever Grief like mine?

An absent God, a careless Heart!

In this sad Case I pine.

PART V. *The Believers Soliloquy.*

27

Yet Lord, if thou thy Love unfold,
And manifest thy self,
I think I'd prize it more than Gold,
Or Worlds of earthly Pelf.
Of thy good Spirit let me partake,
That so my Prayer may come
Before thee, who can wisely make
Even Distance lead me Home.
O thou, who can'st by present We
For absent Blessings fit,
Give Grace to hate my Sins, and to
Their Punishment submit.
That Wretch'd I may while I live
Thy Justice own with Fear;
And yet when try'd, may never grieve
Thy Mercy by Despair.
That I may never basely spurn
Against thy unknown Ways,
But magnify thy Work and turn
My Groaning into Praise;
Since for my Sin, by which I swerv'd
And from my Glory fell,
I'm chasten'd here, and not reserv'd
To feel its Weight in Hell.
If black Doom by Desert should go,
Then my Desert is Death,
Which robs from Souls immortal Joy,
From Body's mortal Breath.
But in so great a Saviour
So base a Worm's annoy
Can add no Place unto thy Pow'r,
Nor Pleasure to thy Joy.
Thou justly may'st me Doom to Death,
And everlasting Fire,
But on a Wretch to pour thy Wrath
Can not be worth thine Ire.
For Christ's sake, who the Ransom was,
Let Mercy me release,
Let him be Umpire of my Cause,
And pass the Doom of Peace.
Let Grace forgive, let Love forget
My vile Apostasie,
And temper thy deserved Hate
With Mercy towards me,

TH

The wrestling Winds and raging Blasts
 Hold me in cruel Chase,
 They break my Anchors, Sails and Masts,
 And yield no resting Place.
 The boistrous Seas, with swelling Floods,
 On ev'ry Side do Fight,
 Heav'n overcast with stormy Clouds
 Dims all the Planets Light.
 The hellish Furies ly in wait,
 To win me to their Power,
 To make me bite at ev'ry Bait,
 And my own Bane devour.
 Oft, chain'd in Sin, I ly in Thrall,
 Next Border to Despair:
 Till Grace me raise, and from my Fall
 My Ruins all repair.
 My hov'ring Thoughts would fly to Glore,
 And Nest above the Sky:
 Fain would my tumbling Ship a Shore
 At that sure Anchor ly:
 But mounting Thoughts are hailed down,
 With poise of corrupt Load:
 And blust'ring Storms deny with Frown
 A Hav'n of safe abode.
 To crush the Sin that rais'd the Blast
 Thy conquering Grace afford:
 The Storm might cease, could I but cast
 This *Jonah* over Board.
 Base Flesh, with fleshy Pleasures gain'd,
 Doth Grace's Sute decline;
 Sweet Grace doth Court me for its Friend,
 But here doth Flesh repine.
 Soar up, my Soul, to *Tabor* Hill,
 Cast off this loathsome Load:
 Long is the Date of thy Exile,
 While absent from thy God.
 Dote not on earthly Weeds and Toys,
 Which do not suite thy Taste,
 The Flow'rs of everlasting Joys
 Do grow for thy Repast.
 Sith that the glorious God above,
 In Jesus, loveth thee:
 How base, how brutish is thy Love
 Of any less than he

But

PART IV. *The Believers Soliloquy, &c.* 99

But Lord, when thy bright Face thou hid'st,
And leavest me alone,

I doubt of all that ere thou did'st,
When thou thy self art gone.

My Soul calls all in Question then,
Because so much it lacks:

No Good (I think) doth now remain;
No Groan, no smoaking Flax.

Can't this be had, Oh that is sad!
No grain of Grace is felt;

Then quit with Christ, and Idols wed.
Ah! here the Heart doth melt.

Lord, now, I think thou hast my Heart,
This Bargain black I hate,

I dare not, cannot, will not part
With thee, at such a Rate.

Thou Father-like did'st to me Good;
Grace did me once perfume:

Wast thou a Father to conclude
With dreadful Judge's Doom?

Confirm to me thy former Deed,
Reform what is defil'd,

I was, I am, I'll still abide
Thy Choice, thy Charge, thy Child,

Love Tokens, which thou did'st impart,
Lockt up in Mind I have:

I cannot raze out of my Heart
What Grace did there engrave.

Thou once did'st help and make me whole
By thy Almighty Hand,

Thou mad'st me Vow and Gift my Soul;
Both Vow and Gift shall stand.

But, since my Sin and Folly gross
My joyful Cup did spill,

Make me the Captive of thy Cross,
Submissive to thy Will.

Within my self a Self I hate,
That's Matter of my Groan;

Nor can I rid me from the Mate
That causeth me to Moan.

O wicked, frail, unconstant Flesh!
Soon trapt in ev'ry Gin,

Soon turn'd, o'turn'd, and then afresh
Plung'd in the Gulf of Sin:

But

But

But while my Sin doth breed my Grief,
 And make me sadly pine,
 With blinks of Grace, Lord, give Relief,
 Till Beams of Glory shine,
 A *Lexor* at thy Gate I ly,
 As well it me becomes,
 For Children's Bread, asham'd to cry,
 O grant a Dog the Crumbs.
 My Wounds and Rags, my Need proclaim,
 Let Need thy Aid procure,
 My Wounds bear Witness that I'm Lame,
 My Rags that I am poor.
 With Fear I crave, with Hope I cry,
 Oh promise't Favour send :
 Be thou thy self tho' changeling I
 Ungratefully offend.
 Out of thy Way remove the Lets,
 Cleanse this defiled Den,
 Tender my Sutes, cancel my Debts :
 Sweet Jesus, say AMEN.

FINIS

